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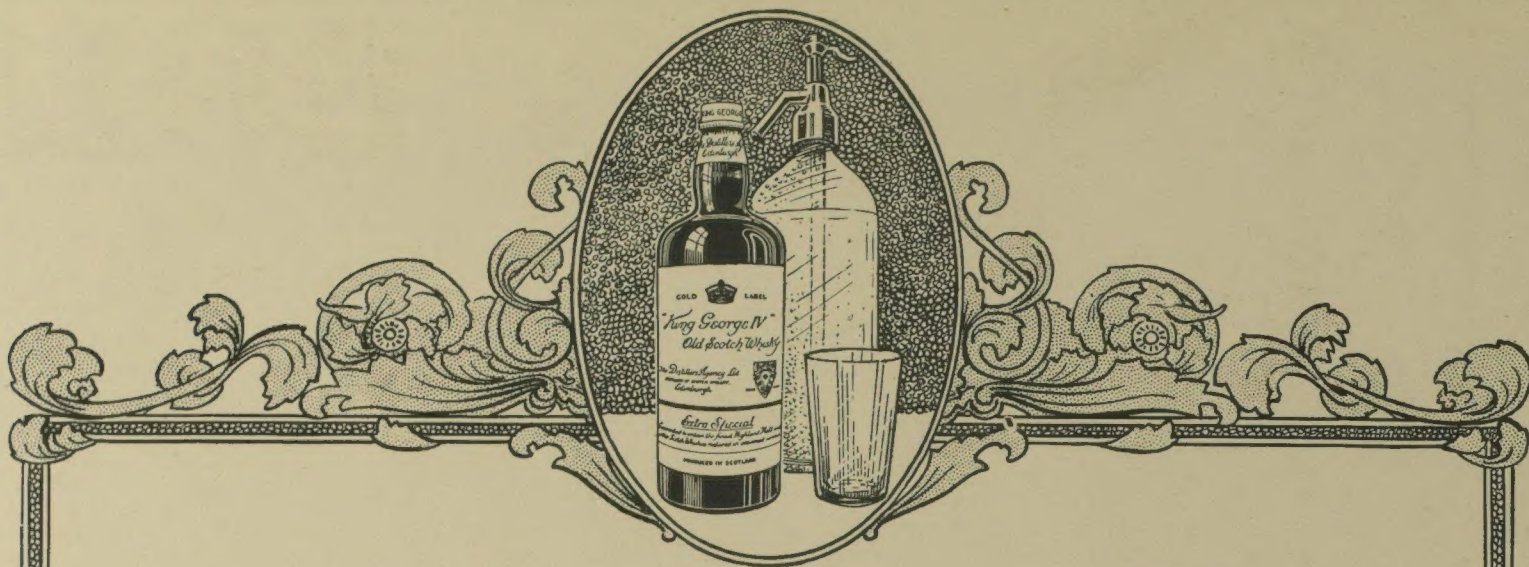
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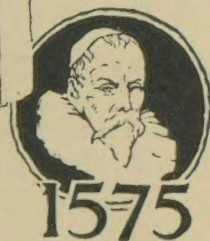
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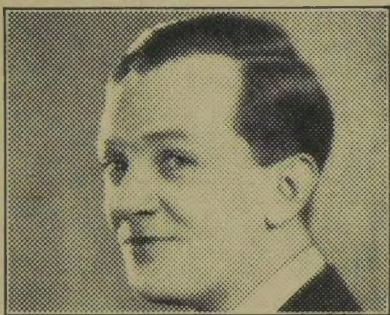
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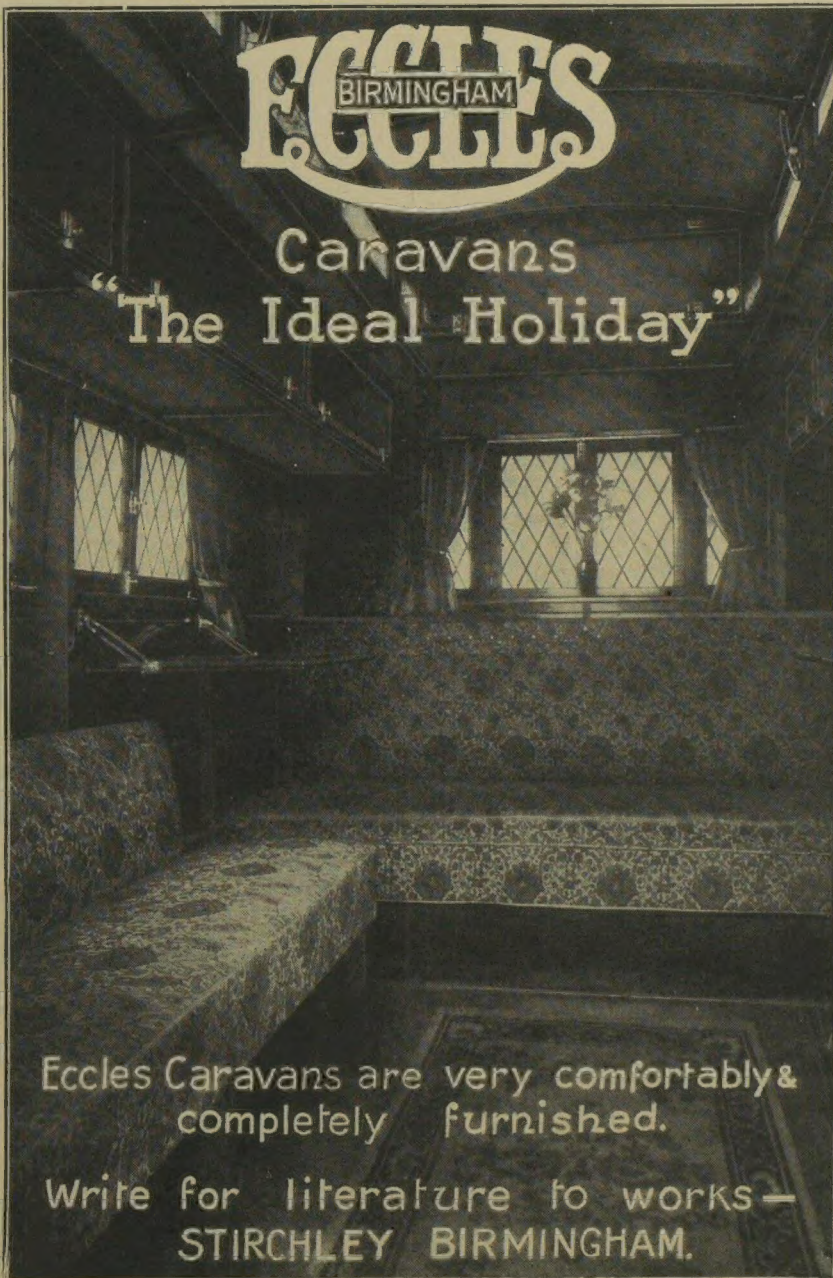
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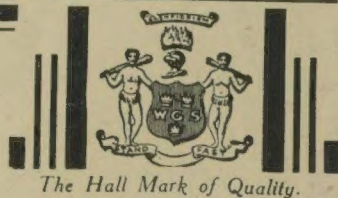
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE WORLD'S MOST EXTRAORDINARY "YACHT-RACE": ONE OF THE STRANGE PAPUAN CRAFT CALLED LAKATOI, WITH DANCING GIRLS ON A PROJECTING PLATFORM, AND DECORATED WITH SHELLS AND STREAMERS.

On two later pages in this number we give an article and further illustrations concerning what may well be called the most extraordinary "yacht-race" in the world. It takes place among the Motu tribe, near Port Moresby, in New Guinea, and forms a preliminary to an annual trading expedition in curious native sailing craft known as *lakatoi*. The title of the above photograph is as follows:

"*Lakatoi* during the *toretore*, or 'race.' The dancing girls are seen on the front platform; the steersmen at the other end. The windward side of the vessel protected by high bulwarks of Nipa palm on a wooden frame. Note the mast-head ornaments of ovulum shell and the various *pepe* streaming from the rigging." These *pepe* are leaf streamers which are badges or banners of the clans.



PAPUAN POTTERY THAT FORMS THE CARGO OF THE LAKATOI ON TRADING EXPEDITIONS: A LITTLE VILLAGE GIRL WITH POTS DRYING IN THE SUN.

they will return early in the following year with many tons of sago. In October the south-east season has almost reached its close, and the voyagers rely on the last rather desultory breezes to carry them fairly to their various destinations on the coast of the Gulf and Delta Divisions. For the homeward journey they will have *Lahara*, the north-west monsoon, behind them. There is no beating up against the wind with *lakatoi*.

Last year, eight of them left Port Moresby—a larger fleet than for some years past—and their builders adhered with surprising fidelity to the old routine and to the many superstitious niceties of construction. In re-reading the account written by Captain Barton in Seligman's "Melanesians of British New Guinea," one experiences fresh surprise at every paragraph—not that the author should have succeeded in making his account so full and accurate, but that the natives, despite their daily contact with Europeans, should reproduce with such exactitude the customs of more than twenty years ago.

Through how many generations in the unprogressive past these same customs persisted is of course quite unknown. The bold conception of the *Hiri* expedition and every detail in its conduct are ascribed to the fisherman Edai Siabo, who had it all from a certain *dakwala*, or sea-eel, when one night he was dragged out of his canoe at the little island of Hidiha. Here they will show you, under water, the hole whence Edai Siabo's legs were seen protruding, while, still held down by the *dakwala*, he imbibed his instructions regarding the future *Hiri*. When his companions finally pulled him out by the feet, full of sea-water and high resolve, he was more dead than alive. Yet he came to, and proceeded in the face of village ridicule to put his instructions into effect. He made his model *lakatoi* and sailed it in the shallow water just as little boys are always sailing their model canoes to-day, and finally he had enough converts to man a vessel for the west; and every detail was in strict accordance with the word of the *dakwala*.

Now, as then, there is a *baditauna*, or "skipper," and a *doritauna*, or "first mate," for every *lakatoi*, each of them being responsible for one half of the vessel. As the ungainly craft sails head-on before the wind, the *baditauna's* half is forward, and the *doritauna's* aft; when it goes about, or rather, astern, the *doritauna* is for the time being in the lead. It is towards the end of the south-east season that a solitary individual will be noticed sitting before his house, silent, and with a small fire beside him. There is nothing in the nature of advertisement, but presently another man approaches him, and they sit together. These two are *baditauna* and *doritauna* (they have arranged their partnership some months before, and since that time have observed a strict sexual *tabu*). Each of them is soon joined by two subordinates known as the *au-tubua-tauna*, or "mast-man," and the *lara-tauna*, or "sail-man." Next, in the same undemonstrative manner, the "A.B.s," or *maoa-taudia*, offer their services, until finally the crew is complete with six officers and perhaps twenty or thirty men before the mast.

THE STRANGEST SAILING-RACE IN THE WORLD:

A PAPUAN TORETORE BETWEEN EIGHT CURIOUSLY RIGGED AND DECORATED LAKATOI, EACH CARRYING A BEVY OF DANCING GIRLS.

By F. E. WILLIAMS, Government Anthropologist, Territory of Papua. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page and the Front Page.)

TOWARDS the end of October every year, the Motu people about Port Moresby send out their trading vessels, the *lakatoi*, on what is known as the *Hiri* expedition. They bear a cargo of clay pots for trading in the west, and

The various stages of preparation, all in traditional sequence, must be passed over. Trimmed and caulked, the great dug-outs (brought back from the west by previous *Hiri*) are by now lashed together, and there follows the rite of charming the new vessel. *Baditauna* and *doritauna* have their own medicines—the secret of their family or clan—and these they wrap in tiny parcels of banana-leaf and stow under the beams of the vessel as they are tied down, or perhaps affix to the rigging. By a more formal rite, the same secret medicines are burnt at night in the smallest of the Motuan pots, and the interiors of the *asi* are fumigated. Together with the secret medicines in the pot, we find others that are matter of common knowledge, stock remedies that have a recognised symbolic value. Such are the claw or the feathers of the cassowary, the snout of the flying-fish *kwadi*, or the swift-darting *kwarabada*—all representative of speed; or, again, fragments of dry banana-leaf that are caught up and whisked away by the wind as the mariners would like to imagine their *lakatoi* flying before the south-easter. Nor is the magician without inventiveness. Several flying-machines have visited Port Moresby of late, and one old man was willing to "bet" me that the *baditauna* would secure some small aeronautical symbol—a scratch of paint or a drop of oil—to burn in the pot and impart to the *lakatoi* some of the qualities of a Ryan monoplane.

It is after this ceremony of charming that the *hudiha* boys are brought on board. In the highest degree *helaga*, or "holy," they must not allow their feet to touch water, being carried if need be. Nor must cold water touch their lips; they must content themselves with coconut-milk, sugar-cane, or hot water. These two, to carry on our nautical similes, we might call the "midshipmen," though, to be sure, the Motuan midshipman neither works nor washes. All that is required of him is his presence on deck, and, except during the *Toretore* and the loading-up, he must not leave the *lakatoi* till it arrives in some western river, and he plunges overboard.

There still remain the decking, the superstructures, and the rigging to complete. Taking these as finished, one must pause to give an idea of the vessel in full trim. The out-going *lakatoi* is composed of three or four huge dug-outs lashed together so as to form a canoe-raft. It has no outrigger, yet is a stable if rather clumsy craft. It is roughly decked, and an extension of the beams and longitudinal timbers allows of a narrow gangway along either side, and a fairly spacious platform fore and aft. This latter will be the dancing stage of the village maidens in the *Toretore*, or "trial-spin." The central part is

hetoa, crosses the breadth of the *lakatoi* deck. This *tano hetoa*, the "garden boundary," divides the vessel between the two masters: forward is the *baditauna's* command; aft, the *doritauna's*; and, at loading-up, all the pots of their several adherents must be stowed within the proper limits. Two masts (as a rule) support the mat-work sails of that distinctive pattern which is usually compared by Europeans to a crab's claw, and which philatelists will recognise on the Papuan stamp. From the rigging hang various leaf streamers or *pepe*, which are the badges or standards of the clans.

When all the *lakatoi* have been fully rigged, they engage in the "race," or *Toretore*. Their decks are



THE "SKIPPER" OF A LAKATOI: A BADITAUNA ABOARD HIS CRAFT IN A PAPUAN VILLAGE, WITH A CLAN BADGE.

The *baditauna* ("skipper" of the craft) is holding up one of the clan badges or standards called *pepe*, which stream out in the wind when the *lakatoi* is under way. The mat-work structure of the rail is also shown in the photograph.

a-swarm with young men and unmarried girls, oiled and painted and in reckless good humour. Slowly they are poled across from the village to the southern side of the harbour, where they will align themselves for the start; and, as they go, four girls may be seen on the roof of the *kunu ruma* holding the halyards and swaying their bodies till their grass skirts fly rhythmically and daringly, the time being beaten on bamboo percussion instruments called *sede* (for no drum must be struck on the *lakatoi*). But this is hardly a beginning. The *lakatoi* are in line and waiting thus when no other signal than a gust of wind sets them simultaneously in an uproar. The youths who have been lolling on the deck rush to the stern platform and seize the unwieldy steering-oars; the excited girls scramble on to the prow platform and there commence their dance, with the same swaying of their skirts and such vigour in their movements that the projecting stage takes on an alarming oscillation. Every voice joins in the cheering, or in the singing of conventional *lakatoi* songs, or in the good-humoured hooting at competitors. Athletic youths will grasp the loose halyards of rattan cane and swing out over the water or perform gymnastic feats in the rigging; pretty mop-headed girls throw jibes across the water at their neighbours, and behave themselves with charming abandon. So the *lakatoi*—eight of them—race ponderously under their lofty



"YOUTH AT THE PROW": A BEVY OF PAPUAN DANCING GIRLS, ON THE BOW PLATFORM OF A DECORATED LAKATOI DURING A RACE—SOME "SWAYING THEIR BODIES TILL THEIR GRASS SKIRTS FLY RHYTHMICALLY."

"Only unmarried girls take part in these dances, married women being forbidden, it is said, by modesty. The platform oscillates alarmingly under the dancers' feet. The streamers or trailers of dry banana leaf are apparently nothing more than decorations."

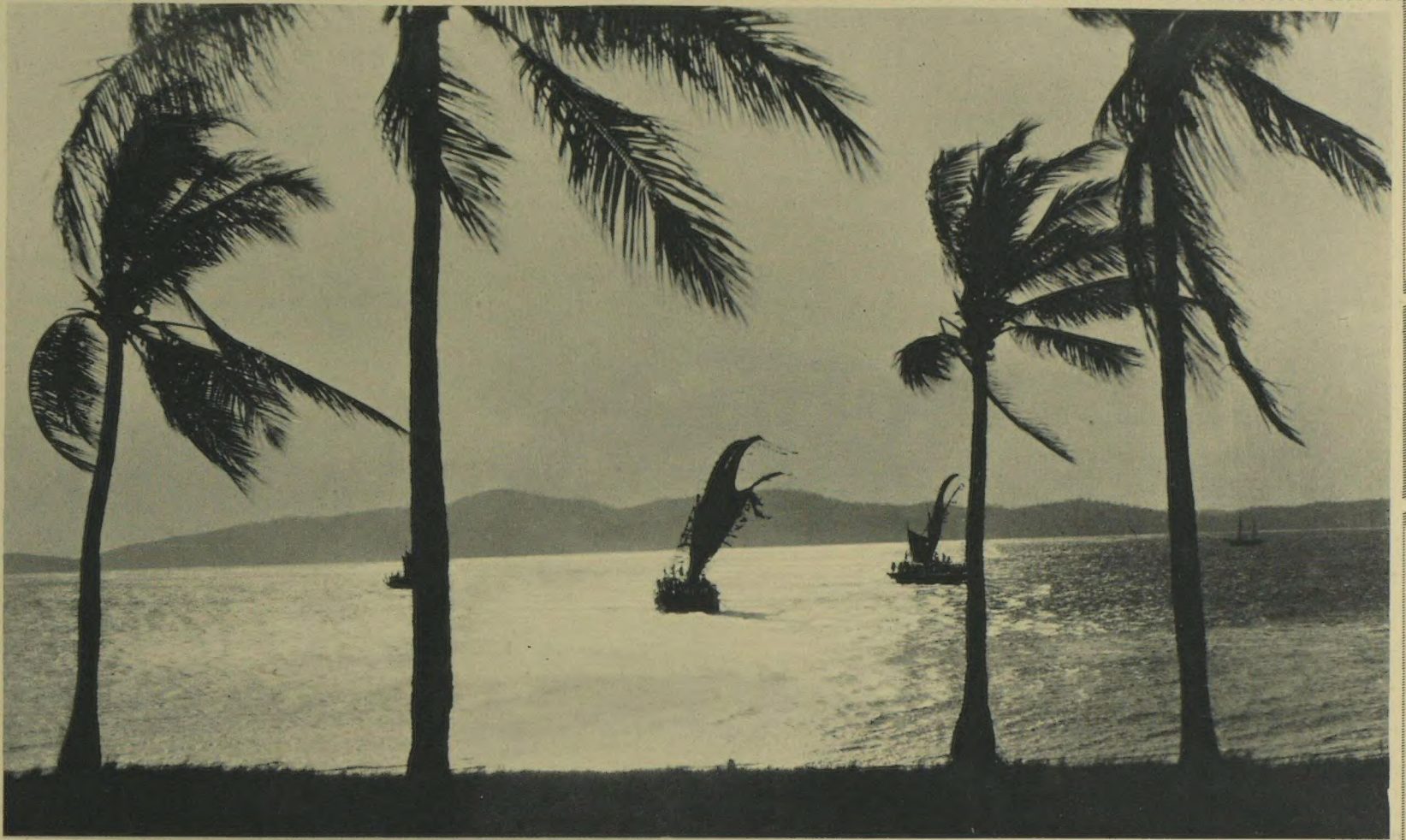
fenced in with bulwarks. At either end of it is a shed (*kunu ruma*) for storing pots, and along one side is the *kalaga*, a shelter for the two masters and their *hudiha*. In the centre is a small pen which is reserved for the pots of *baditauna* and *doritauna*; and, cutting it precisely in halves, an inconspicuous rail, called *tano*

crab-claw sails, continually going about end for end, when in a wild stampede the youths and maidens change places so that the latter may still be in front, and the steersmen behind. The excitement gradually subsides, and towards evening the *lakatoi* are again anchored in the village, intending to renew the

(Continued on page 274.)

"YACHT-RACING" WITH A "BALLET" ON BOARD: A PAPUAN TORETORE.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, AND ILLUSTRATION ON THE FRONT PAGE.)



ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY "YACHT-RACES" TO BE SEEN ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD: PAPUAN LAKATOI (NATIVE TRADING VESSELS) DECORATED WITH STREAMERS DURING A TORETORE (RACE)—A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE HARBOUR OF PORT MORESBY.



A MERRY CREW OF PAPUAN YOUTHS AND MAIDENS ON BOARD A LAKATOI, DECORATED WITH FOLIAGE, DURING THE TORETORE: THE DANCING GIRLS, ON A PROJECTING PLATFORM AT ONE END, SWINGING THEIR SKIRTS (MADE OF FINELY SHREDDED SAGO LEAF) WITH LIVELY ABANDON.

In his article on the opposite page Mr. F. E. Williams gives an interesting description of a native sailing race that is held annually by a Papuan tribe called the Motu in the neighbourhood of Port Moresby. This race, known as a *toretore*, is probably the most extraordinary event of its kind to be seen anywhere in the world. The boats taking part are native craft called *lakatoi*, and the race is a preliminary to an annual trading expedition with cargoes of pottery. The *lakatoi* are decorated for the race with streamers and tassels of dry leaves, which give the vessels a curious but picturesque appearance of raggedness. But the most remarkable feature of the occasion is the presence,

on board each of the competing craft, of a merry group of unmarried girls, who take up their position on a projecting platform at one end, and there give displays of dancing with lively abandon. They wear grass skirts, which swing rhythmically around with the movement of their swaying bodies. There is cheering and singing and good-humoured hooting at competitors. "So (we read) the *lakatoi*—eight of them—race ponderously under their lofty crab-claw sails, continually going about end for end, when, in a wild stampede, the youths and maidens change places, so that the latter may still be in front and the steersmen behind."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A SHORT time ago a distinguished scientific expert, pleading for a more normal and less panic-stricken treatment of consumptives, summed up one aspect in the decisive words: "Consumption is no more hereditary than measles." He said, of course, that it could attack successive members of the same family, and for the same reason as measles. I have no authority to speak on the technical point; but a statement like this, which may fairly be called authoritative, turns my mind back on the vast and sprawling treatment of the topic of heredity, in popular science and public opinion. And, though I do not claim to know much about the medical facts or falsehoods set forth in this particular case, I rather think I do know something of the moral facts and falsehoods that lie behind them and are their sole and continuous motive-power. There are undoubtedly individual professors, who fight each other on tiny points, out of pure impersonal curiosity, or possibly out of pure personal dislike. But when any part of the general public is drawn into a debate on physical science, we may be certain that it has already become a debate on moral science. Mobs are always moral. There never was a mob that rose to demand the squaring of the circle or the closer observation of the Transit of Venus. Professor Higgle and Professor Haggle may argue the hind-leg off a donkey, or the hundredth leg off a centipede, to settle a question that nobody can understand but themselves. But if ever the dancing donkey and the writhing centipede become heraldic figures on the flags and ensigns of the crowd, then we may be quite certain that for some sort of reason (probably quite an unreasonable reason) these biological questions have somehow been entangled with faith and morals; and that what is raging in the street is the war of two philosophies.

Now, almost as soon as the word "heredity" was invented or spoken aloud, it was caught up like a cry in the market-place, and repeated in every variation of gossip and chattering comment, applied to this, that, and the other, to which it was never in any case applicable; and trumpeted aloud by men who did not even know what it meant, long before even the most learned men knew even the little about it that they know now. Mendel the monk has explained it much more fully than Darwin and all the material scientists; but even after that it remains a very obscure and subtle subject, as the scientists would be the first to admit.

But in the great days when Science was also Fashion, when the world had to bow down not only to Darwin but to all Darwinians, when anything labelled "Specimens" or "Sections" passed without challenge, and all the camp-followers of materialism were sacred, like the suite of an Embassy—in those days of one idea or one tendency, there arose the most amazing fashion of talking about Heredity. It was simply taken for granted, for instance, in a hundred provincial homes, that what they called Drink was hereditary. If they had used language in a rational manner, they might have been quite right, for the disposition to drink something is a hereditary human instinct; and the objection to doing so, when it happens to be beer, is a superficial,

artificial, and self-conscious pose. But what they meant was alcoholism; and what they meant was nonsense. Nobody has ever tasted alcohol. Nobody in the normal way has ever seen it. Nobody most certainly has ever liked it. What people liked was a certain pleasure, either of excitement or serenity, which can be gained through a variety of liquids, moderately by moderate indulgence, or excessively by excessive indulgence. Alcohol is simply a name which professors give (for the present)

which is nearly all of modern journalism; and there are such things as education and environment, about which a still louder yell of human folly will go up—in short, there is something in morals which corresponds to infection in measles.

But this wild romance of popular science spread wider and wider. What is odd about it is not its truth or untruth, but the unresisted smoothness with which it spread over one field after another. I know so little of the scientific study itself that I should not think of denying the possibility of some sort of inherited drunkenness; though I cannot make any sense of the theory of inherited alcoholism. But why were hundreds and thousands of people, who knew even less science than I do, instantly and calmly assured that drunkenness was hereditary? Why did they begin at once to watch the doubtful steps of the curate, because his great-uncle the Admiral was found drunk in a ditch on Trafalgar Day? Why did they eagerly watch for the fire of alcoholic craving in the eyes of the new-born infant who was remotely descended from Three-Bottle Thumpington? The question grows wilder as the application grew wider. The next thing we heard was the cheerful news that Assassination was a regular family feature, like a family nose. As in the other cases, it was not so much stated by scientific people as spread by unscientific people as the last scientific news. A brilliant lady novelist lately based a whole novel upon it, called "Red Sky at Morning," in which a hazy, good-natured youth kills somebody for a very insufficient reason, merely because his father fifty years ago had killed somebody quite different for a totally different reason. All this seems to me highly irrational. There are almost as many motives for murdering men as there are men to murder. A man kills because he is blackmailed, or because he is jilted, or because he is a political fanatic, and so on. But how do you inherit a blackmailer, or an unreliable girl, or a political theory? There certainly is inheritance, as of physical type, perhaps of physical temperament; of being indolent or restless and so on. But the number of lazy men who will murder a valet for waking them up is about as large as the number of impatient men who will

murder him for keeping them waiting. That is to say, it is very small. The mysterious moral inhibition, or its absence, by which men do or do not murder, is in the individual soul; and I defy anybody to show that it is hereditary. What is the meaning of this popular superstition? In existing relations of religion and good taste, I can only suggest it in a parable. On the highest and hoariest of the ashpits of hell sits the oldest of all the Demons, whose name is Doom; it is he who has always blighted mankind with superstitions of the destiny and death of races; who told the old Greeks like Oedipus that they were bound to their blind crimes; who told the old feudal tribes that there was a curse on a castle or an abortion that was the burden of a family. And when modern science said "Heredity" the old fiend stirred, and saw a new chance of renewing the old bondage. For however we take the symbols, it was a wise instinct by which heaven was symbolised by wings that are free as the wind, and hell symbolised by chains.

FROM THE CAPE TO CAIRO.

A Special Supplement to "The Illustrated London News."

THE next issue of *The Illustrated London News*, dated February 22, will contain a Special Supplement of forty-four pages dealing with one of the most remarkable projects of our time—the great route from the Cape to Cairo.

In addition to numerous illustrations, the Supplement will contain articles of special interest, including:—

"THE ROMANCE OF THE ROUTE": By the Right Hon. General J. C. Smuts, C.H.

"CECIL RHODES'S DREAM": By the Right Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.

"THE MEN WHO MADE AFRICA": By the Right Hon. Lord Baden-Powell, G.C.M.G., C.G.V.O., G.B.E.

"SMOKE THAT SOUNDS": By Emil Ludvig.

"AFRICAN AIR COMMUNICATIONS": By the Hon. Lady Bailey.

"COTTON-GROWING IN THE SUDAN": By Sir Frederick Eckstein, Bt.

"THE KING ALBERT NATIONAL PARK": By Baron de Cartier de Marchienne.

"THE GREAT CENTRAL AFRICAN RAILWAYS": By Owen Tweedy.

"EMPIRE BUILDERS": By Sir Otto Beit, Bt., K.C.M.G.

"THE BELGIAN CONGO": By Sir Louis Franck, G.C.V.O.

"SOUTH AFRICA: A LAND OF PROMISE": By A. H. Tatlow.

"THE MINERAL WEALTH OF SOUTH AFRICA": By William Ingram Lyon.

"ROYAL EGYPT": By Philip O'Farrell.

"RHODESIAN MARVELS": By Lieutenant-Colonel H. Marshall Hole, C.M.G.

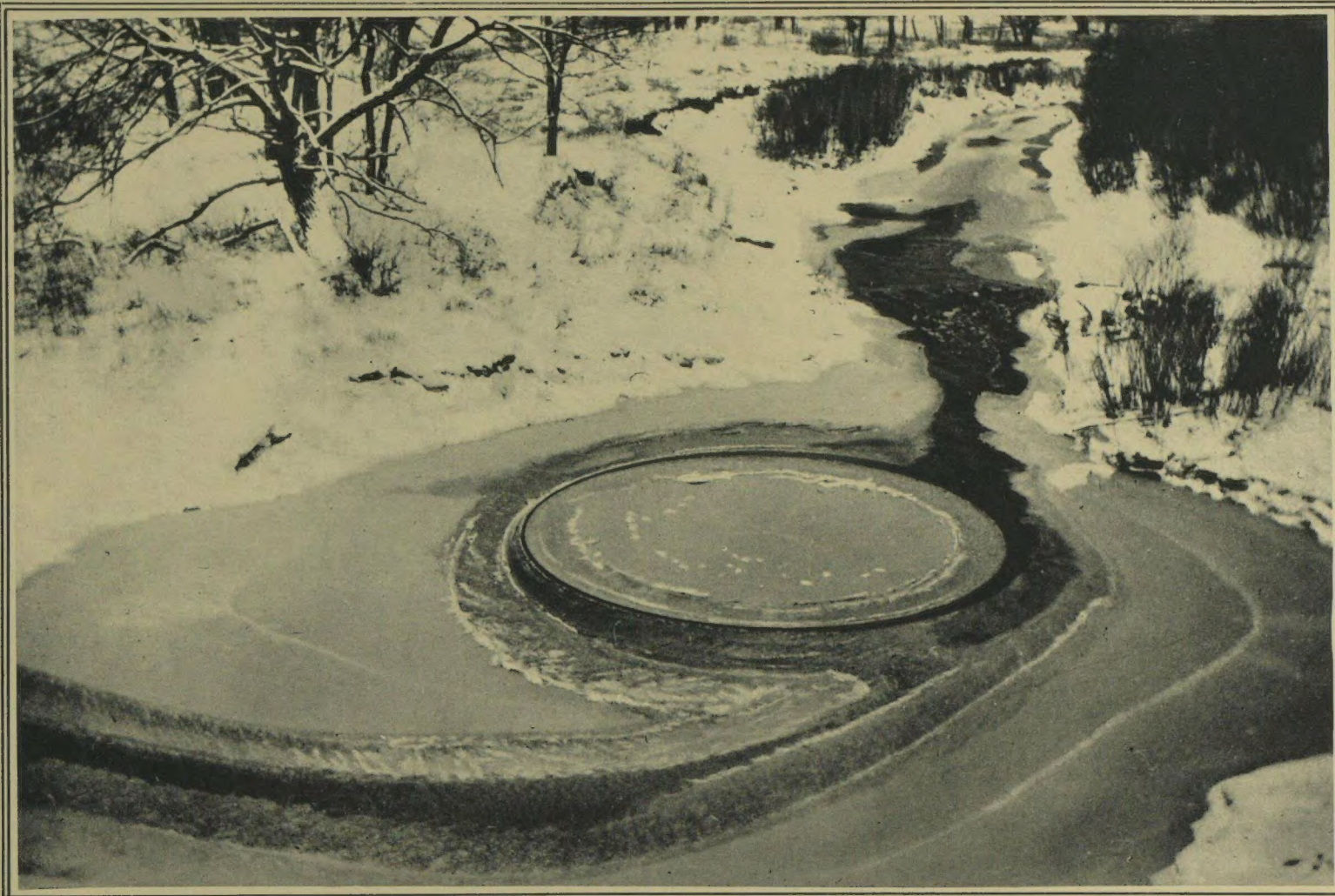
THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO SUPPLEMENT will be issued free with *The Illustrated London News* dated February 22.

Price—One Shilling as usual.

From all Newsagents and Booksellers, or from the Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

to some elements in all these liquids which they suppose (for the present) to be the cause of this mental pleasure. Now, it is obvious on the face of it that, if anything is hereditary, it cannot be a craving for the chemical process, which most people do not even know to exist. It can only be a craving for the mental result, which is simple pleasure. Now, all men have a craving for pleasure; and, though some men are weaker or more wilful in snatching at it, I cannot for the life of me see why such men should not snatch at other pleasures as much as this one. If what is inherited is anything so vague as a lack of vigilance and self-control against pleasure itself, I cannot see why the drunkard should not have one son who was a jewel-thief and another who was always flirting with barmaids or bolting with ballet-girls. Of course, many children of drunken families are drunken; not because there is heredity, but because there are a great many other things besides heredity. There is such a thing as tradition, which is nearly half of true history; and there is such a thing as suggestion,

JACK FROST DESCRIBES A CIRCLE: A WHIRLPOOL AS A REVOLVING ICE DISC.



A PERFECT CIRCLE OF ICE REVOLVING CLOCKWISE ON THE DON, NEAR TORONTO: A CURIOUS PHENOMENON IN NATURE'S "GEOMETRY."

This very interesting photograph comes from a correspondent in Toronto, who writes: "It shows a curious natural phenomenon in the valley of the River Don, within a few miles of Toronto, at a sharp turn in the stream where there is a slow-turning whirlpool, or eddy. When this part of the river froze over, a sheet of ice in the shape of a perfect circle was formed in the centre of the whirlpool. This disc floated on a round

patch of water, which was surrounded by ice on all sides, and turned slowly around with the water beneath it. The photograph was taken looking up-stream, with the water coming to the whirlpool from the upper right and leaving it on the lower left. The cake of ice is about 15 ft. in diameter and is turning in a clockwise direction, making one revolution every $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes."

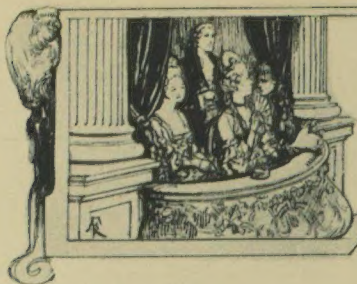
GIANT FORCES OF THE ICE KING: A GLACIER CATACLYSM IN A VAST CAVERN.



THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ICE IN THE ACT OF FALLING INTO A CAVERN HIGHER THAN A CATHEDRAL: A WONDERFUL SIGHT IN NORWAY.

This remarkable photograph of an ice phenomenon was taken in Norway, at the head of Fjaerland Fjord, where the Suphelle Brae Glacier descends to within 150 ft. of the water's edge. "The ice-field," writes our correspondent, "is 4000 ft. up, and at the very foot of the glacier is an

enormous cavern estimated at 250 ft. in height—Wells Cathedral, for instance, would easily stand within it. The photograph is, I believe, unique in showing an enormous mass of ice, weighing thousands of tons, actually falling. The man watching is a long way from the cavern."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



THE RETURN OF THE WESTERN FILM.

IT is strange how often great revolutions bring equally great reactions in their train. A couple of years ago, in the World of the Kinema, the idea that the little Avenue Pavilion would be the only house in the West End of London still consistently showing silent films in 1930 would have been regarded as preposterous. There were, it is true, certain misguided enthusiasts busily experimenting with possible sound additions and values. But little or no attention was paid to them by the general public. Then came Al Jolson to the Piccadilly—dynamic, sentimental, vocal, and overwhelming (in more ways than one). London was startled—even a little shocked. Truly, mechanical ingenuity had achieved much. But the story! Old-fashioned, sickly "sob-stuff" of a type that had gone into the limbo of forgotten follies long ago. If this was what sound-films meant, then—let the rest be silence.

But the gods of production knew that, handled rightly, they were once again on to a good thing. The public must be coaxed, stimulated, if necessary dazzled, into bewildered acknowledgment of this latest triumph of world magic. So sound and visual spectacle upon spectacle were thrust upon our screens. "Show Boat," "The Broadway Melody," "The Hollywood Revue"—still they came. Yet somehow the magic was not as infallible as it had seemed. For countless thousands of people the silent films had, in the last decade, become part and parcel of their daily lives. But this impersonal singing, dancing, acrobatic twirling of bodies and limbs beneath a fiercer light of glitter and glamour than ever beat upon a throne, was but an aspect of life that soon palled—at least among the preponderantly feminine section of film-goers. Where were the misunderstood heroines in whom the rather bored, slightly discontented woman would see herself in imagination? Where the struggling heroes in whom that incorrigible sentimentalist, the tired business man, could secretly watch again his own youthful ambitions and desires?

Well, said the potentates of Hollywood, we will give them photographed plays. If they want real life they shall have it—hot and modern and according to stage tradition and stage technique. And so they dealt out talking stories, sophisticated, smart, and clever enough in their own peculiarly limited way, but not really lifelike, nor really of the theatre, nor—most important of all—really of the kinema as such. Now, said the magnates, what is the matter with them? What is it they do want? For the public was once again restless, dissatisfied; not very articulate as yet, but none the less vaguely conscious that they were being denied some of those aspects of space, speed, and headlong action which are the *droits du seigneur* of the screen. Then came the presentation of a silent picture with sound synchronisation—"The Four Feathers." And instantly the public—of London, at any rate—knew what had been wrong. For here again at last was the dearly familiar motion picture with a wide horizon and a sweeping breadth of pictorial design. Crowds thronged to see it week after week. The story was romantic, if somewhat old-fashioned in conception and treatment, and sometimes unconvincing. But the pictures were glorious and never failed to please or thrill. "The Four Feathers" marked the beginning of the great reaction to the talkie revolution which to-day is finding its expression in the return of the Western film.

As I write the Plaza is being packed out by those who want to see the talking version of Owen Wister's Western classic, "The Virginian"—an inherently cinematographic subject, beautifully produced in space and natural settings that are unforgettable, and with the addition of sound and dialogue most effectively and dramatically employed. At the Rialto "Hell's Heroes," an appealing story set also in the "great open spaces" of the Arizona desert, and very finely acted by an all-male cast, is having a remarkably

successful run. And there are others on the way—"Parade of the West" and "Lone Star Ranger," to name only two already completed for London presentation.

It may be argued that such pictures are no more closely related to the actual life and individual interests of the vast majority of Metropolitan and provincial audiences than are films with "back-stage" or cabaret settings, or over-elaborate revues. But the

entertainment, so now, with the same unerring instinct, it is singling out the true from the false. There is a disposition in many quarters to decry public taste as lowbrow and indiscriminating. This is, unfortunately, only too often a true estimate. But, in demanding a return to the spaciousness and breath-taking movement and adventure of Wild-West films, the great kinema public is exhibiting that rarest of artistic qualities—that of selection.

"ELSTREE CALLING."

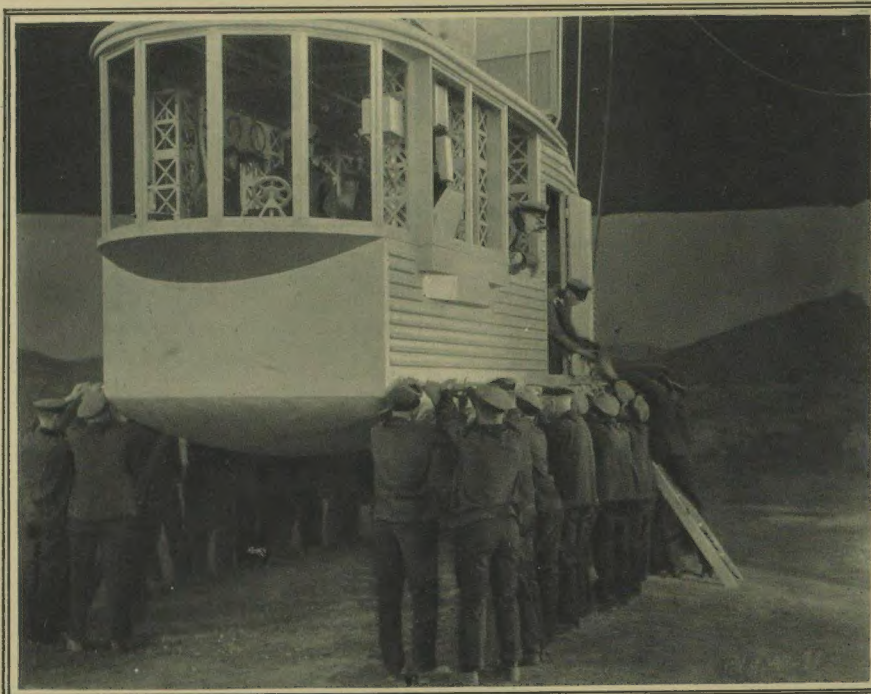
It is a far cry from the sweep and breadth of pictures with a real out-of-doors background to the narrow confines of the variety stage, as presented in the new British International film, "Elstree Calling," at the Alhambra. At the outset there is indeed a certain glamorous sense of space. We see the great radio-masts at the wireless station, hear the impersonal, demoniac crackling of atmospherics. It requires no great effort of imagination to make us aware of the almost magical implications of the film's well-chosen title—wave after wave across the ether—Elstree calling the world in sound and television! The scene changes to the studios, where we see in swift review something of the actual machinery of production in operation. Then to the microphone of a broadcasting studio, where Mr. Tommy Handley is busily announcing the various items of this first British Cinema-Radio Revue.

So far the ground has been well and imaginatively prepared. And the illusion is still further built up and strengthened by a sequence in which Mr. Gordon Harker is shown as a radio-fan dissatisfied with the reception on the television set he has himself constructed and endeavouring (with disastrous results) to improve it. But when the individual and isolated

numbers begin to follow, one after another, with little or no connecting link, upon the screen, the glamour and the interest fade, and not all the cleverness and efforts of popular stage and film stars can altogether recapture them. We are back again in a world of disembodied beings, without any dramatic relation one to the other, or to us. The whole thing is as formless and as meaningless as a box full of round beads. String them upon a thread of drama or of story, and they will make a coherent and cognate whole. Loose in their box of disconnected presentation they are merely a confused heap, lacking the necessary angles to fit one against the other in a rhythmic pattern of sight and sound.

Among the most effective items in "Elstree Calling" are Mr. Donald Calthrop's repeated and humorous attempts to interpret Shakespeare in his own way, and the series of recurring scenes in which the patient radio enthusiast wrestles with his set. Even though these last are not as fully developed as they might be, they form a realistic and interesting comment upon the other disconnected happenings. As a production the whole picture is distinctly flat; it has no highlights and no crescendo. The end comes suddenly and arbitrarily without dramatic or pictorial climax. From the lighting point of view also it leaves much to be desired; even in close-ups the features of the players are often indistinct. In some places, however, the director, Mr. Adrian Brunel, has aimed at and achieved some delightful photographic effects—notably in the scenes with the Russian Choral Orchestra and in some of the dancing. The recording, too, is, on the whole, excellent.

But it is impossible not to wish that so much talent and effort had been employed in a different venue. Among others, Miss Cicely Courtneidge's brilliant performance in "I've Fallen in Love," and that of Mr. Jack Hulbert and his three companions in "A Doubtful Quartette," demonstrate more forcibly than ever that such material is inherently dependent for its effectiveness upon the personality and living presence of the players. Here they are but shadows of their inimitable stage selves. In spite of their masterly technique, the numbers fail because the effect produced is not of illusion but of travesty.



A FILM ECHO OF THE AIR RAIDS: THE "SKY HAWK," AT THE TIVOLI—THE GERMAN BOMBING SQUADRON START OFF IN A ZEPPELIN TO ATTACK LONDON.

"The Sky Hawk," a Fox "all-talking" film recently produced at the Tivoli, is the first to represent the Zeppelin raids on London, the sights and sounds of which are given with thrilling realism. Interwoven with these scenes is the love story of a British pilot who brings down a Zeppelin.

truth goes deeper than that. As in the old days, when the public acclaimed and accepted "The Covered Waggon," "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," or "The Trail of '98" as fine cinematographic



MR. JACK HULBERT SHOWS THE EFFECTS OF GIVING HIMSELF A GOOD BLOWING-UP: THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A "DOUBTFUL QUARTETTE" IN "ELSTREE CALLING," THE NEW FILM REVUE AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"Elstree Calling," a British International picture described as "the first British cinema-radio revue," is now running at the Alhambra. A playful item is "A Doubtful Quartette," the members of which each in turn make a mistake, and are marched off by the others to pay the penalty. The first three having been "shot" (heard off) Mr. Jack Hulbert alone remains. He too goes wrong; there is a loud explosion, and he reappears with a blackened face.

HOW NATURE HELPS AMERICAN FILMS: CLEAR SKIES AND GRAND SCENERY.

EXQUISITE
CLOUD EFFECTS
AND SENSE OF
SPACE IN THE
CLEAR
ATMOSPHERE
OF ARIZONA:
THE WONDERFUL
NATURAL
SETTING OF A
CATTLE-DRIVING
SCENE IN A NEW
AMERICAN FILM
BASED ON ZANE
GREY'S ROMANCE
OF THE WEST—
"LONE STAR
RANGER."



AMERICA'S GREAT NATURAL ASSET FOR THE PRODUCTION OF PICTURESQUE FILM SCENES: A GLORIOUS PANORAMA OF CLIFFS AND CANYONS IN THE WILDS OF ARIZONA, VISIBLE FOR VAST DISTANCES IN THE BRIGHT CLEAR AIR.

The makers of American films possess a great advantage in the wonderful natural settings for open-air scenes which are available in various parts of the United States, and in the bright, clear atmosphere which makes it possible to obtain such beautiful effects by photography. We illustrate here two very striking examples in the form of scenes that were taken in Arizona for "Lone Star Ranger," a Movietone all-talking film founded on Zane Grey's well-known

novel of that name. Particularly arresting in these two photographs are the exquisite cloud effects and the vast sense of space in the panorama of cliff and canyon. The story of this film, which is Zane Grey's first all-talking picture, is a romance of the Texas Rangers, the famous force which, organised in 1832, bore the brunt of the conflict when Texas separated from Mexico, and afterwards protected the frontier against Indians.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS on the open-air life, I suppose, appeal most to those unable to live it, and that accounts, perhaps, for their prevalence and popularity. One of the best that I have met is "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WANDERER." By Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S. Profusely Illustrated (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). The author, of course, is well known as a photographer of wild life in Africa and North America, and as the writer of many books recording his experiences, including "The Wonderland of Big Game" (also produced as a film), "Nature and the Camera," and "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds." He has, if I remember aright, contributed aforetime to this paper. In the present volume he gives a general account of his whole career, in which everything finds its allotted niche, and in addition there are reminiscences of his war service (until he was gassed) and subsequent lecturing in the United States.

Major Dugmore looks back with satisfaction to the fact that his work has helped to promote a love of outdoor things. "In America especially," he writes, "did this bear fruit, and I have been the cause of influencing many men to take to the camera, when they go hunting, instead of the rifle. My wandering life has brought me into contact with many interesting people, among them Walter H. Page, American Ambassador to England; Theodore Roosevelt; Grover Cleveland and William Taft, ex-Presidents of the United States; Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole." His adventures with big game include some moments of intense excitement—narrow escapes from lions, elephants, and grizzly bears.

anyone actually enjoying war, yet some of the soldiers' reminiscences so frequent nowadays indicate clearly that it had its brighter side. There is evidence to this effect, for instance, in one of the finest campaigning diaries that have so far appeared—"WAR LETTERS TO A WIFE." France and Flanders, 1915-1919. By Rowland Feilding. With sixteen illustrations (Medici Society; 15s.). I mentioned this book briefly a few weeks back, but, though some seventy other new works reproach me for inattention, its quality claims a second word. The author is Lieut.-Col. R. C. Feilding, D.S.O., late Coldstream Guards, also late Commanding the 6th Connaught Rangers and 1st Civil Service Rifles.

For a short summary I cannot do better than quote the Introduction by Major-General Sir John Ponsonby, who says in it: "This book contains letters written by a soldier to his wife during practically the whole period of the European War. They . . . give us a very vivid picture of the life of a regimental officer on active service. . . . Rowland Feilding could not bear giving orders to a subordinate officer to carry out any dangerous duty, and always applied to carry out the duty in question himself. How he managed to survive the war will always remain a mystery to me and many others."

Colonel Feilding's letters are rich in anecdote, and they show a capacity for looking for the silver lining of the war cloud. Thus, in one to his wife on Sept. 18, 1918, to say that he and his Battalion had been ordered from the French front to Italy, he writes: "I say I am glad, but truthfully I shall feel a little sorry at leaving France. It

Then comes the war, but it makes no difference to the author's facetious vivacity. "I will be honest," writes Mr. Gibson, "and admit that I liked my first six months of trench warfare, from that second winter of the war till the Somme. There were thrills in plenty, but our battalion remained a unit, our casualties between reliefs, after that sanguinary christening we got, a bare dozen or so every four days in the line. I really believe that, barring sudden catastrophes and accidents, the most trying feature of trench existence was the smell, characteristic and omnipresent. One smell that was really two smells—corruption and chloride of lime. Chemically, perhaps, these things cancelled out, as was hoped and intended, but aromatically, no. And yet one got used to it. The whole thing was such a colossal adventure."

Open-air adventure of a different type and with a different motive is represented in "MAN HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE." The Search for Colonel Fawcett. By G. M. Dyott. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 12s. 6d.). Here we have in volume form the author's full story of his expedition into the wilds of the Upper Amazon in order to discover the fate of the well-known British explorer, Colonel P. H. Fawcett, who, with his son, Jack, and a young friend, Raleigh Rimell, had disappeared in the hinterland of Brazil. Mr. Dyott, it will be remembered, gave the outline of his results in lectures on his return, but any previous knowledge thereof, which the reader may bear in mind, does not in the least detract from the extraordinary interest of this fuller narrative, not only as a record of perils and difficulties overcome, but as a vivid picture



THE HILL REMOVED AT RIO DE JANEIRO AS PART OF A CITY IMPROVEMENT SCHEME ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: THE MORRO DO CASTELLO, OR CASTLE HILL (IN THE CENTRE, MIDDLE DISTANCE, JUST BEHIND THE LARGE BUILDINGS IN THE FOREGROUND) BEFORE IT WAS DYNAMITED AND WASHED AWAY—A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE MORRO DE SANTO ANTONIO.

The upper illustration on the opposite page shows the site of the Morro do Castelo at Rio de Janeiro after the hill had been dynamited and washed away by water pumped from the sea, and its soil used to form a new promontory to make room for city improvements. The above photograph shows the hill as

it was with the buildings upon it, before the work began. The same process of demolition is to be applied to the Morro de Santo Antonio, from which this view was taken. The National Library (marked by an arrow) appears also in the upper photograph opposite, and indicates its relation to that given above.

Among the subjects of his flashlight photographs are lions taken at distances of nine and twelve yards, and a charging rhinoceros at sixteen yards.

The war chapters are noteworthy, not only as a record of experiences, but also for Major Dugmore's views on the ethical side. "During my life," he says, "there have been about two dozen wars, in spite of endless peace treaties. Let us hope, however, that we are getting more sane, and that war will soon become but a memory." On the other hand, he emphasises the ennobling effect of war on character. In a description (written at the time) of "the splendid work of the stretcher-bearers" as he saw it at the Battle of the Somme (July, 1916), he says: "Some of the sights were too ghastly to be spoken of, but one thing above all others which impressed itself on me was the truly heroic patience and pluck of the wounded. . . . And people dare to say that war brutalises men! I thank God that I have seen what men can be, for I have never known it in peace time."

The relation of war to faith has often been debated. On this matter Major Dugmore is also worth hearing. "Some people say that, because our men sing and joke while on their way to that scientific slaughter-ground, the modern battle-field, they have no religion. They do not know the hearts of these men; they have not seen them during their only too brief leisure hours in the days before the battle go quietly into the little churches and silently offer up their simple prayers. Is it for themselves they pray? I doubt it. No, it is for those at home, for wives and kiddies, and for mothers who are thinking of them so many miles away. There is more real religion out there near the line of battle than is ever seen at home."

War has probably caused even wider mental misery—if less acute physical suffering—in its indirect effects on family life, than it has in the field. It is hard to imagine

is a cursed war, and I dislike the whole business as much as anybody. Yet I love it: it has been the breath of life to me, and I shall always look back upon the time I have spent here with great happiness." In a retrospect over the past four and a half years a few months after the Armistice, he writes: "After all, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the old trench life. There were none of the mean, haunting fears of poverty there, and the next meal—if you were alive to take it—was as certain as the rising sun. The rations were the same for the 'haves' and the 'have nots,' and the shells fell, without favour, upon both. In a life where no money passes, the ownership of money counts for nothing. Rich and poor alike stand solely upon their individual merits, without discrimination. You can have no idea, till you have tried it, how much pleasanter life is under such circumstances. In spite—or partly because—of the gloominess of the surroundings, there was an atmosphere of selflessness and a spirit of camaraderie the like of which has probably not been seen in the world before—at least on so grand a scale."

Comments of a somewhat similar sort occur in the recollections of a literary journalist who came back from Ceylon to join up, and has now recorded both his pre-war and active service experiences in a lively book written with the humour and outspokenness of smoking-room talk, namely, "POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE." By Ashley Gibson. With Portrait Frontispiece from a Drawing by Frank Dobson (Dent; 10s. 6d.). The publisher's note reminds us that Mr. Ashley Gibson is the Editor of the Outward Bound Library, and author of books on Ceylon and Malaya. He served as an infantry officer on the Somme, and later in Nyasaland. The first two-thirds of the book recall hilarious days in "the Street of Adventure," and many friendships with young writers and painters since become famous. About this part of the book there is a joyous spirit of Bohemian high jinks.

of primitive humanity and of Nature in her most exotic mood, in one of the wildest regions still left on the earth.

Mr. Dyott's final passage is interesting both as a summary of his conclusions and as a suggestion for future anthropological exploration. "That Colonel Fawcett and his companions," he writes, "perished at the hands of hostile tribesmen seems to me and to all my party beyond dispute. . . . Among the fantastic legends which Fawcett had collected there seems to be some grain of truth diluted with a mass of fiction. . . . It is hard to reconcile oneself to accounts of walled cities and miraculous lights shining in the jungle, but from what I saw I can well understand how such reports started and grew. As to a lost civilisation . . . the ornaments I saw among the Indians definitely indicate a culture new to South America . . . the area I consider most promising for detailed search is that lying between the Xingu and Araguaya Rivers. Anyone attempting to penetrate this zone will have to go fully prepared to deal with warlike Indian tribes. The Chavantes, Gayapos, and Suyas are all aggressive people, and do not stand on ceremony, unless it is the funeral of a stranger."

Other open-air books of various kinds which I hope to discuss later include "OUR WILD ORCHIDS." By Frank Morris and Edward A. Eames. With 130 illustrations, four in colour (Scribner; 7.50 dols.); "FIFTY YEARS WITH A ROD." With Essays on the Salmon and the Scottish Sea Trout. By John Stirling. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 15s.); "THE NEW NATURE STUDY." By F. J. Wright. Illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 5s.); "IN THE ZOO." By W. Reid Blair, Curator, New York Zoological Park. Illustrated (Scribner; 10s. 6d.); and, lastly, "HISTORY OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE," 1829-1929. By T. Russell Goddard. Illustrated (Andrew Reid, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 7s. 6d.). These books—all attractive—form but a fraction of my waiting list.—C. E. B.

WHERE TOWN-PLANNING HAS "REMOVED MOUNTAINS": RIO DE JANEIRO.



WHERE A HILL WAS REMOVED BY DYNAMITE AND SEA-WATER, AND ITS SOIL USED TO FORM A NEW PROMONTORY (IN BACKGROUND): THE REPLANNED SITE OF THE OLD MORRO DO CASTELLO (CASTLE HILL) AT RIO DE JANEIRO—AN AIR VIEW SHOWING (ON RIGHT, MARKED WITH ARROW) THE NATIONAL LIBRARY, SEEN ALSO IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE TAKEN BEFORE THE REMOVAL OF THE HILL.



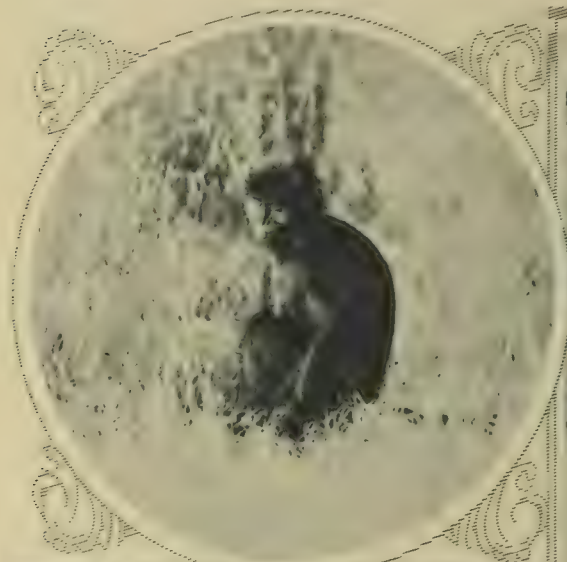
PART OF THE NEW "WEST END" BEING LAID OUT AT RIO DE JANEIRO, TO INCLUDE ALSO LEGATIONS, MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, AND A SHOPPING QUARTER: AN AIR VIEW OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL GARDENS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION—A WORK THAT HAS SINCE BEEN PRACTICALLY COMPLETED.

Aerial photography is being used on a large scale for the purpose of making a complete air survey of Rio de Janeiro, and on the basis of this survey an extensive scheme of replanning is being carried out. Rio has already nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and is growing rapidly through immigration and ever closer communication with Europe and North America. The civic authorities entrusted the work to a well-known French town-planner, Professor Agache. Between the sea and the southern part of the Avenida Rio Branco is a corner where it is proposed to lay out a new "West End." A hill called the Morro do Castello (or Castle Hill), formed of soft rockless soil, has been removed by dynamiting and washing away the debris with water pumped from the sea. This task occupied several years. The soil thus removed was used

to form a new promontory, and on this new land and the site of the former hill there will appear municipal offices, legations, big shopping streets, and public gardens. Our upper photograph gives an air view of the reclaimed land. Its relation to the photograph on the opposite page, that shows the hill before its removal, can be determined by identifying in each the position of the National Library (marked in both by an arrow). In the second photograph above, the municipal gardens are seen in the making. They have since been practically completed. With the disappearance of Castle Hill, the air of the city has been freshened, as it now gets the direct sea breezes in a way impossible before. Another hill, the Morro de Santo Antonio, is also to be removed, and the site treated in a similar manner.

BALINESE ANIMALS "AT HOME": WILD LIFE IN THE EAST INDIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. CARDWELL.



1. A BLACK GIBBON (PROBABLY *HYLOBATES LEUCISCUS*) DOZING IN THE WARMTH OF THE MORNING SUN IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS.



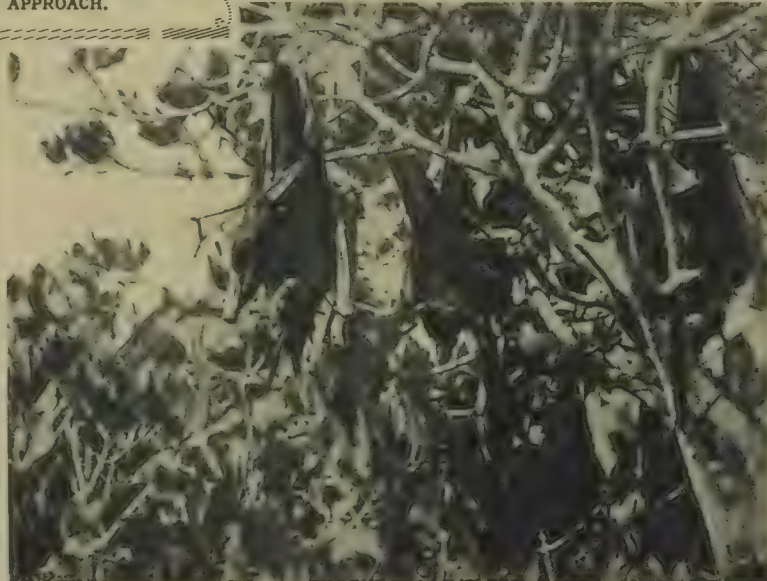
2. SHOWING THE ANIMAL'S PECULIAR LOLLOPING GAIT: A BLACK GIBBON OF BALI BOLTING ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S APPROACH.



3. THE BLACK GIBBON'S DIET DURING A TIME OF SCARCITY IN THE DRY SEASON: FEEDING ON TREE-BARK.



4. HOW THE "FLYING-FOX" SLEEPS: A FOX-BAT HANGING HEAD DOWNWARDS FROM A BRANCH, WITH WINGS WRAPPED ROUND HIM LIKE A TOGA.



5. A PLAGUE TO FRUIT-GROWERS IN BALI: A COLONY OF "FLYING-FOXES," OR FOX-BATS (*MACROGLOSSINÆ*) ASLEEP, HEADS DOWNWARD, AMONG THE MANGROVE TREES OF THE ISLAND.



6. BROTHER AND SISTER: BALINESE SAMBUR FAWNS IN THEIR NATIVE WILD—PROBABLY SPECIMENS OF THE SMALL ISLAND FORM OF THE SAMBUR (*CERVUS HIPELAPHUS*), A LARGE TYPE OF INDIAN DEER.



7. STANDING UP TO VIEW THE SURROUNDINGS—A FREQUENT HABIT ON LEVEL GROUND: A BROWN MONKEY OF BALI (A SPECIES OF *SEMNOPITHECUS*).

Although many photographs of big game in their native haunts have been published, the smaller wild animals are less familiar. Those shown here and on the opposite page were all taken in their natural surroundings in the dry western part of Bali, a picturesque island near Java. Of illustration 4 Mr. Cardwell (the photographer) writes: "Flying-foxes clamber hand-over-hand across the branches until they find a perch to their liking, from which they sleep head downwards, with their wings wrapped round them toga-fashion." Of No. 5 he says: "Flying-foxes are gregarious only by day, when they sleep in colonies of many thousands, as here on an island thickly overgrown with mangrove trees. In the afternoon they take wing, and often travel long distances in search of food. They do incalculable damage, for they seem to live exclusively on fruit and young coconuts." A zoological authority who has (as far as possible from the photographs) identified the various creatures illustrated, states that these flying-foxes probably belong to one of the many species of *macroglossina*, the large-tongued fox-bats of Asia, but it was not possible to say exactly which species without seeing the teeth and the colour of the fur.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA IN BALI: SMALL-GAME PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. CARDWELL.



1. JUNGLE PEACE: A MONITOR LIZARD (ON THE LEFT), A WILD PIG, AND A YOUNG SAMBUR DEER, AT A LITTLE SPRING OF BRACKISH WATER SEEPING THROUGH DEAD CORAL ON THE SEA-SHORE.



2. JUNGLE DISCORD: THE WILD PIG, WITH BRISTLES ON END, ABOUT TO MAKE A LUNGE AT THE MONITOR LIZARD, RESENTING THE CLOSE PROXIMITY OF THE REPTILE AT THE SPRING WHERE HE WAS DRINKING.



3. A NEAR VIEW OF THE TYPE OF REPTILE WITH WHOM THE WILD PIG OBJECTED TO DRINK: A BIG MONITOR LIZARD (PROBABLY *VARANUS SALVATOR*) BATHING IN A SEA-WATER POOL ON THE EDGE OF THE BEACH IN BALI.



4. LICKING HIS LIPS OWING TO THE SALINITY OF THE WATER HE HAS BEEN DRINKING: A BUCK BARKING-DEER, OR MUNTJAC (*CERVULUS MUNTJAC*).



5. NOT LIFTING THE WATER TO HIS MOUTH WITH HIS HANDS, AS A HUMAN BEING WOULD DO, BUT DRINKING LIKE OTHER ANIMALS: A BALINESE BROWN MONKEY (A SPECIES OF *SEMNOPITHECUS*).

As with Mr. Cardwell's other interesting photographs (on the opposite page) of wild life in the island of Bali, near Java, the above were also submitted to a zoological authority for identification. Regarding No. 1 he notes: "There are three distinct species of wild pig in Java. It would be impossible to say (from the photograph) which of these three—all very much alike—is shown here." The monitor lizard in No. 3 he considers is a species of *Varanus*—probably *salvator*. "The Javan Muntjac," he writes of No. 4, "is a larger animal than that of the mainland of the Malay Peninsula." Of No. 5 Mr. Cardwell says: "The brown monkeys drink in the same way as other animals, and in their wild state never seem to lift water to their lips with their hands, as human beings would probably do in the same circumstances."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE FOX-SHARK, OR THRESHER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A FRIEND of mine has just sent me two photographs of that singular fish, the thresher, or fox-shark, taken recently off Plymouth, and measuring fourteen feet in length. Most people will see in this only a huge dog-fish, with a tail of quite extraordinary length, for it is half as long as the whole

movements were of an intensive kind, constantly and persistently repeated. As a consequence, the tail would be subjected to considerable strains, caused by the resistance to the water consequent on such a mode of swimming. These would set up increased demands on the muscular and

of the tribe—without recalling the curiously interesting history of the evolution of the tail in the fishes generally.

In its broad outlines, which are all I dare now attempt, the story begins with the most primitive ancestral fishes, where the tail formed but a tapering continuation of the spinal column, and supporting a vertical fold of membrane, which, as time went on developed strengthening or stiffening rods, set like a palisade.

In the early fishes these were merely rods of gristle, like the rest of the skeleton. The shark tribe retain this gristly skeleton still, though the vertebrae are ossified, or, rather, calcified. But the sharks retain yet another primitive condition. The vertebral column tapers either straight backwards, ending in a point bearing a fin, or it turns up, in which case the lower lobe of the fin is larger than the upper.

When we turn to the bony fishes, such as the flat-fish or the herring and salmon, for example, we find a curious modification of the structure of the tail. In their larval stages it turns upwards, just as in the sharks, and similarly has the lower lobe much larger than the upper. That is to say, they cannot attain to the new style without first passing through the ancestral stage. As growth proceeds, this upturned portion of the tail degenerates, and the once lower lobe becomes the whole fin, hinged, so to speak, at its base on modified spines projecting downwards from the under-surface of the hindmost vertebrae. The young fish seen in Fig. 2 will indicate at a glance the condition I am describing.

In the bony fishes—which make up the bulk of the fishes of to-day—we find two kinds of tail-fin, derived from what is known as the "Heterocercal" type found in the sharks. There is the "Diphycercal"—in a very few species—wherein the fin is symmetrically disposed round a straight and tapering vertebral column; and the "Homocercal," as in the salmon, the flat-fish, or the herring, for example, wherein the upturned end of the spine remains as a mere vestige, answering to the lower lobe of the shark's tail, and the fin-rays assume a false symmetry by their arrangement around a special series of bony supports, splayed out round the abbreviated end of the vertebral column, as seen in the young top-knot (Fig. 2), though in this the final bony supports have not yet appeared. By the time these have come the tiny larval tail above the larger one will have disappeared.

This telescoping of the tail in the fishes recalls the similar process which has taken place in the evolution



FIG. 1. WITH A HUGE TAIL THAT BIDS FAIR TO BECOME "THE TAIL THAT WAGS THE SHARK": A 14-FT. THRESHER, OR FOX-SHARK, CAUGHT OFF PLYMOUTH.

The fox-shark, or thresher, is a species not infrequent in our waters, and ranging up to 15 ft. in length. The inordinate length of the tail, which is about half as long as the rest of the body, has come about, apparently, by its excessive use as a turning instrument when circling round its intended victims.

body (Fig. 1). The shark tribe, using this term in its widest sense, has produced many long-tailed forms, but none so remarkable as this. For in most cases, as with the chimæras, for example, it is produced far beyond the up-standing, triangular fins, to form a long, whip-like appendage of uncertain function. But in the thresher it forms what may well be described as a "flail," for it is very muscular, at least at its base.

Most of us, at any rate all those who are salt-water fishermen, can readily conjure up a mental picture of a dog-fish. They could no less readily draw a passable outline of the creature. But they would, in doing so, give hardly a thought to the precise form of the tail, even though they had drawn it correctly. From this we may gather that this end of the fish presents nothing to excite comment, and, furthermore, that it performs no special function. It is just an ordinary tail.

Why, then, has the thresher so conspicuously departed from the fashion of his tribe in this particular? I shall probably be told that the reason is obvious: For this creature is one of the ravening wolves of the sea, and hunts with a method, causing his victims to huddle together in a mass by swimming round them in ever-decreasing circles, and churning up the water with the lashing movements of his enormous tail, until at last he charges into their midst and swallows right and left! Herring and mackerel are thus taken. As many as twenty-seven mackerel have been taken from the stomach of one of these marauders of the sea, while from another, fourteen feet long, half a bushel of gar-fish was taken.

This long tail, in short, is generally regarded as the product of Natural Selection. That is to say, in the early history of development, those fish having the longest tails secured the most satisfying dinners. And so, this competition for prizes going on generation after generation, the tail gradually increased in length, those unable to compete dying out in the struggle for existence. It is now so big that it bids fair to become the tail that wags the shark.

Yet I wonder whether this is the right interpretation. I see no reason why the ancestors of the thresher, having no such equipment, should not have fed quite as riotously, and by the same device of encircling movements. But these turning

nervous tissues of the tail, and hence an increase in its size. It may be that this increase, if continued, will result in a hypertrophied growth, so that the "flail-like" tail will finally over-step



FIG. 2. WITH THE END OF THE SPINE TURNED UP, AS IN THE SHARKS, AND INVESTED BY FIN-RAYS: A LARVAL "TOP-KNOT."

The "top-knot," known by the Cornish and Devon fishermen as the "brownie," or "bastard-brill," is also sometimes called the Norwegian Top-knot. Herein, it will be seen, the end of the spine turns upwards, as in the sharks, and is invested, above and below, by small fin-rays. Beneath it is the tail characteristic of the adult, but as yet incomplete. By the time it has finished its growth the larval tail will have disappeared.

the limit of efficiency, when the speedy downfall of the race will follow.

This tail presents yet another peculiarity, and so far quite inexplicable. This lies in the strange and conspicuously deep groove, sometimes described



FIG. 3. SHOWING THE INEXPLICABLE TRANSVERSE GROOVE: THE BASE OF A THRESHER'S TAIL.

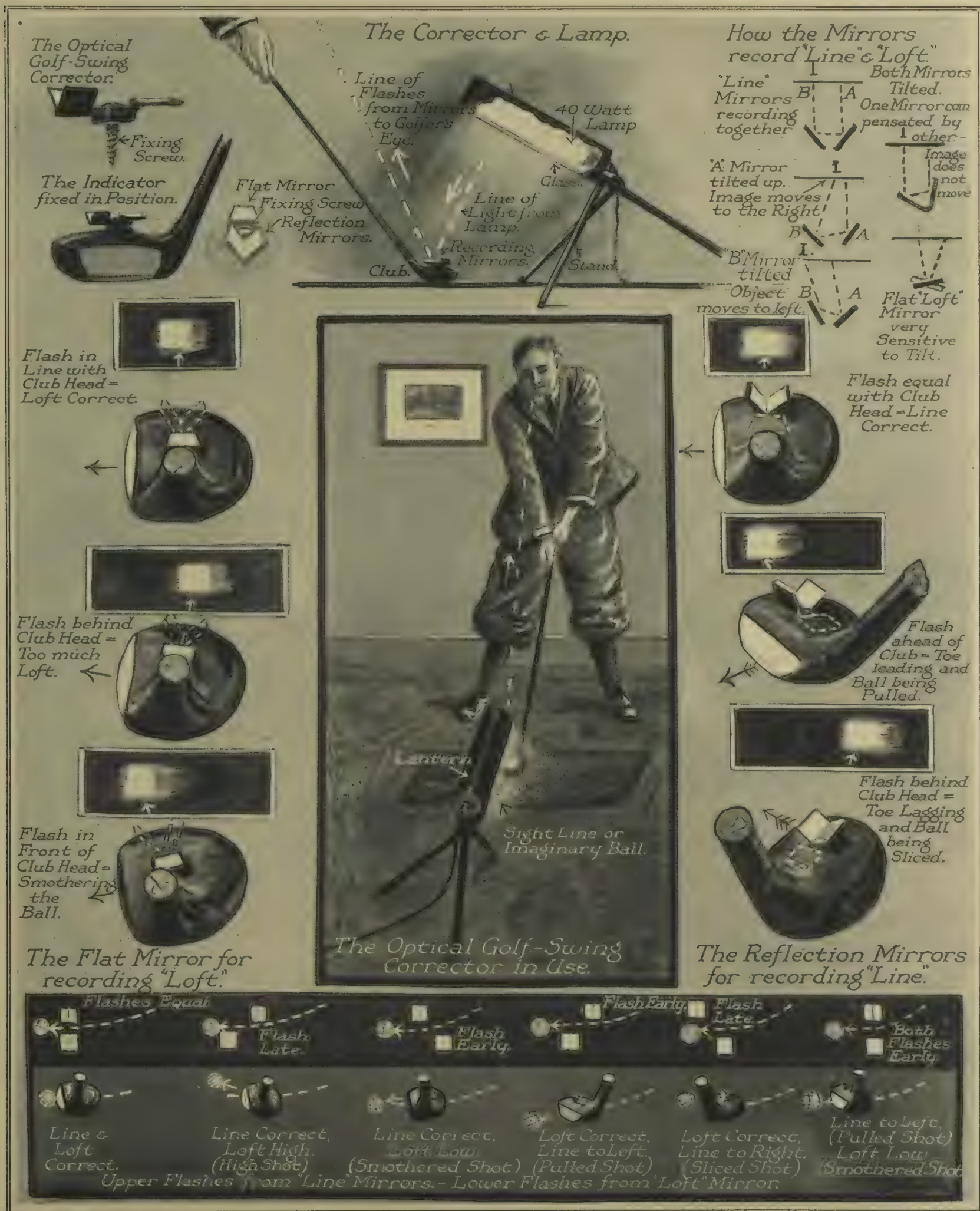
The upper surface of the base of the thresher's tail is marked by a transverse groove, commonly described as a "pit," but of unknown function. No glands, as might be expected, seem to open into this groove. Future investigations may solve this mysterious groove.

as a pit, which crosses the base of the tail transversely, as may be seen in Fig. 3. So far nothing more can be said of it than that it is there. I can never look at a shark's tail—be it that of a dog-fish, which is a shark in miniature, or of one of the giants

of the tail in the birds, wherein the single bony plate known as the ploughshare is made up of a number of bones such as are seen in the long, lizard-like tail of *Archæopteryx*, the first known bird, of which fossil remains have been found.

SCIENTIFIC AID FOR GOLFERS: A DEVICE TO TEACH THE PERFECT SWING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTOR. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WITH MIRROR-FLASHES THAT DENOTE "PULLING" OR "SLICING": THE OPTICAL GOLF-SWING CORRECTOR.

Recently, Sir James Henderson, the famous mathematician, developed a troublesome fault in his golf, and set his scientific mind to produce something that would show him what he was doing wrong. Thus came into being the Optical Golf-Swing Corrector. It consists of a holder containing mirrors that are fixed to a club-head, and a lantern, providing a slit of light, mounted on a tripod stand. The device, which is, of course, for practice purposes, can be used indoors. As the club swings inwards and makes impact with the imaginary ball, the golfer sees two flashes of light (providing, of course, that he carries out the first axiom, and "keeps his eye on the ball"). The flat mirror flashes on the tilt, and shows a light forward of the club or behind; if directly in line,

then the club is coming through correctly. The V-shaped double mirror, on the other hand, gleams its message when the toe of the club is pointed inwards, which would result in a bad pull, or is turned outwards, which would cause a slice. The rotation of the flat mirror, therefore, displaces the image of the line of light from the lamp and is very sensitive to loft. The double reflection mirror, on the other hand, has one mirror compensated by the rotation of the other, so that it is not sensitive to change of loft, but is very sensitive to change of line. The functions of both mirrors are indicated in the side sketches, while examples showing the flashes are illustrated at the base of the page. The device is shown fitted to a driver, but it can be fixed to any other club.

AN "EPOCHAL DISCOVERY" IN PERU.

MYSTERIOUS RELICS OF PRE-INCA ANTIQUITY: MUMMIES, GOLD-WORK, POTTERY, LACE, AND EMBROIDERIES—
"A CIVILISATION ENTIRELY UNLIKE ANYTHING HITHERTO KNOWN IN AMERICA."

By A. HYATT VERRILL. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

ALTHOUGH Peru has long been known as a rich field for archaeological research, and is world-famous for the old civilisations whose remains, in the form of great cities, monoliths, Cyclopean stone-work, immense burial-mounds, temples, and mummies, are scattered about the country's million square miles of desert and mountains, yet its surface has scarcely been scratched, despite countless excavations

unique beauty, quality, and colours that the most staid scientist might have been pardoned had he executed an impromptu dance and yelled with delight. Yet it was not until the bundles were unwrapped in the museum at Lima that we realised fully their incalculable archaeological value, the treasures they contained, or the epochal discovery that had been made. Each bundle was a museum in itself, and, with each layer of wrappings removed, our wonder and amazement increased. No two were alike in contents.

Moreover, instead of having the textiles, weapons, and ornaments all together, and covered with an outer wrapping of coarse cloth, as in other Peruvian mummies, these from Parakas, as the site is called, were covered by a series of layers—strata, one might say—of alternate wrappings and priceless textiles, with the other possessions of the deceased. The number of these layers varied from eight to fifty or more. As a rule, when the outermost covering of rough white cotton cloth (Fig. 1) was removed, the more or less pyramidal bundle was found completely shrouded in large, gorgeously-coloured fringed robes of fine woollen cloth. Usually these are red and black—though sometimes of grey viscacha hair—woven with elaborate checks, stripes, or squares, and almost completely covered with symbolic and conventional designs of yellow, blue, and green heavily embroidered upon the surface. Covering the upper portion of the bundle was a short tunic or poncho of brilliant colours, while above this was an elaborate head-dress of fox-skin or other material and feathers. Often a collar or necklace of

shells, stone beads, or even gold was resting below.

Carefully—for after a lapse of several thousand years the textiles are liable to be delicate and to stick together—the head-covering, the tunic, and the splendid robes were removed, only to disclose a second, a third, or sometimes as many as twenty of the great embroidered shawls. Tucked among the folds were feather fans, feather wands, stone-headed maces or axes, wooden ceremonial wands or sceptres, and frequently ornaments of gold, carved stone, turquoise, or shell. But this was merely a beginning. Underneath the last textile and ornament appeared a second covering of white or brownish cotton cloth tied securely at the top to form a false neck and head covered with a square of blue or brown cloth. Unlacing the twine that held the shroud in place, the second wrapping was stripped off, and another layer of brilliantly-coloured and

elaborately-decorated textiles was revealed. Very often these were as perfectly preserved as the first lot, but quite as frequently they were embedded in a mass of fine, dark-brown powder mixed with fragments of cloth, feathers, fur, hair, and embroidery—all that remained of what, thousands of years ago—were gorgeous robes and trappings (Fig. 2). Yet, when this decomposed material had been brushed and blown aside, perfectly preserved textiles were found in and beneath it.

This invariable layer of decomposed material, apparently, was the result of cloths, wet with some chemical solution, having been wrapped about the bundle as a preservative. But why the Parakans should have done this, why the decomposition had affected only one layer of cloth, are puzzles as yet unsolved. In the bundle illustrated (Figs. 1-3) two rolls of unused, beautifully woven cloth of rich carmine, heavily embroidered, were found amid the decomposed debris, and yet, when shaken and unrolled, they were as perfect and as bright and fresh as when first taken from the loom. At this stage of the unwrapping—provided the bundle has no more than eight or ten layers—the indefinite outlines of the body may be seen through the coverings. Here, also, are usually the *maté*-bowls, the gourds of maize, beans, pea-nuts, yucca roots, potatoes, and other food; stone weapons, pottery, and gold ornaments. Finally, when the last coverings were removed, the mummy itself was revealed, seated on its haunches and resting always on the left side amid garments, utensils, cloths, etc., and invariably in a great shallow basket (Fig. 3), while often the basket-lid rested on the mummy's stomach. Most of the bodies are found decked with gold or



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE IMMENSE PREHISTORIC MUMMY-BUNDLES, AS FOUND IN A GRAVE ON THE PARAKAS SITE: A CONICAL, TENT-LIKE MASS, SHOWING THE OUTER COVERING OF ROUGH WHITE COTTON CLOTH.

and hundreds of thousands of specimens of textiles, weapons, pottery, and so on, that have been collected. Vast areas have never been archaeologically explored, and there are thousands of mounds and tombs never yet disturbed. Hence, at any time, surprising new discoveries of hitherto unknown cultures may be made.

Such was the discovery made recently by Dr. Julianio Tello, Director of the Lima Museum of Archaeology. Moreover, this discovery of a previously unknown civilisation, entirely unlike anything hitherto known in America, was made in the so-called Nasca area. The Nascan culture (c. 2000-3000 years ago) has long been known as one of the earlier Peruvian cultures, and its elaborate mummies, arrayed in wonderful textiles and feather robes, with false heads, masks, gorgeous head-dresses, and golden ornaments, and the beautiful and unique Nasca pottery, have been highly prized by all the great museums. Aside from the tombs and their contents, nothing was known of the Nasicans; there were no cities, no monuments, no temples—nothing to show any relationship between them and the earlier Sierra or Tiahuanacan culture or the later Incan civilisation.

While working in the Nasca district, Dr. Tello found, in mounds of refuse and detritus, indications of an older pre-Nascan culture with graves of a different type beneath the Nascan burials. But the most surprising discovery was yet to be made. Beneath the strata of pre-Nascan remains, excavations revealed a still earlier culture of a far higher order than either the Nasicans' or pre-Nasicans'. Here, buried in caverns in the sand, were immense mummy-bundles, pyramidal in form, and often 6 ft. high by 6 ft. wide, and unlike anything of the sort that had ever been found. In one grave more than forty mummy-bundles were secured, besides much pottery. The latter was beautifully modelled, and of unique colouring, being green, blue, yellow, and red applied over incised designs, with unknown pigments and method of firing that gave the vessels the appearance of having been painted with thick oil-paints.

When removed the mummy-bundles appeared like conical, dun-coloured tents. They were so bulky and heavy that several men were required to lift one, and even the smallest were far larger than any Nascan or pre-Nascan mummy-bundles.

In the open air, exposed to wind and sun, they could not safely be unwrapped, but glimpses through apertures in the outer coverings revealed textiles of such



FIG. 2. AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE OUTER COVERING AND BRILLIANTLY COLOURED WRAPPINGS BENEATH: A LAYER OF DECOMPOSED MATERIAL (FOUND IN EVERY MUMMY-BUNDLE) APPARENTLY DUE TO THE USE OF SOME MOIST PRESERVATIVE.

ornaments, such as ear-plugs, necklaces, gorgets, nose-rings, head-ornaments, and so on (Fig. 3).

Of all known Peruvian mummies, these from Parakas are the best preserved, and often startlingly life-like, for, unlike others, they were skilfully embalmed or mummified. All the viscera and softer portions of the anatomy were removed, the larger muscles were dissected out through incisions in the skin, the tendons severed at the joints, and the entire corpse apparently immersed in some chemical—probably a nitrate or saline solution—and thoroughly pickled. It was then dried and smoked before burial. Each mummy is surrounded with robes and materials, all of the same colours and designs, perfectly matched and unlike those of any other mummy. Hence it is clear that they were especially designed for each individual.

No description can do justice to the magnificence, colours, or quality of these textiles. No machine could produce the designs that, reproduced over and over again, never vary by a stitch in size, colour, or pattern. And so even and close is the embroidery that only with a lens can one see that the designs are embroidered and not woven. Moreover, these Parakans, ancient as they were, apparently were the only Peruvian people who possessed a pictured or recorded calendar. On some robes the border has symbolic figures so arranged that, almost beyond question, the

[Continued on page 276.]



FIG. 3. THE END OF THE UNWRAPPING: THE MUMMY ITSELF REVEALED SEATED ON ITS HAUNCHES IN A BIG SHALLOW BASKET AMID GARMENTS, CLOTHS, AND UTENSILS, AND DECKED WITH GOLD, NECKLACES, AND HEAD-ORNAMENTS.

TREASURES OF ANTIQUITY FROM SOUTH AMERICA:

INCA AND PRE-INCA RELICS DISCOVERED IN PERU, INCLUDING LACE 3000 YEARS OLD.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



TYPES OF PERUVIAN POTTERY:
(1) MOUJIK CULTURE;
(2) CHAVIN, RECUAY, CULTURE;
(3) RECUAY CULTURE;
(4) AND (5) NASCA;
(6) CHINCHA;
(7) PRE-NASCA;
(8) TIAHUANACO.



PRE-INCA: A BRONZE-HEADED BATTLE-AXE AND SPEAR; WEAVING IMPLEMENT; BRONZE-TIPPED IMPLEMENT; CARVED WOODEN LOOM-STICK.

THE INSIGNIA OF AN EMPEROR: A FEATHERED CROWN AND BREAST ORNAMENTS FROM AN INCA MUMMY.



REALLY "OLD" LACE: A PORTION OF A LACE GOWN FROM THE MUMMY OF A PRE-INCA WOMAN OF AT LEAST 3000 YEARS AGO.



FORMERLY PART OF THE COSTUME WORN BY A PRINCE OF THE INCAS: A TUNIC FROM A MUMMY PROBABLY FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.



THE ANTIQUITY OF "CHECKS": PART OF AN EMBROIDERED ROBE IN DULL RED, WITH GREEN AND BLACK CHECKS EMBROIDERED IN WHITE, RED, AND BLACK (PARAKAS CULTURE).



DATING FROM BEFORE THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS IN PERU: GUARDIANS OF THE DEAD—IMAGES OR FETISHES MADE OF EARTHENWARE WHICH HAD BEEN PLACED IN GRAVES WITH THE OBJECT OF PROTECTING THEIR OCCUPANTS FROM THE INFLUENCE OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Sensational discoveries in Peru revealing relics of the Incas, and of a mysterious civilisation of much higher antiquity, showing consummate skill in art and craftsmanship, are described by Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill in his article on the opposite page. The above photographs illustrate some of the wonderful things that were found. Mr. Verrill concludes with a passage which, as it relates to some of the above illustrations, we give here instead of in its original place. "Many other noteworthy discoveries," he writes, "have been made in Peru by the author and others during the past few years. Wonderful laces, delicate, cobwebby, beautiful things, have been found intact and perfectly preserved. New forms of pottery

and textiles have been obtained, and the author secured a remarkable bronze battle-axe with wooden handle six feet in length, a most formidable weapon; while the question of the costume of the reigning Incas or kings has been settled by the finding of the mummy of an Inca or noble with his regalia, his gorgeous feather crown with its gold rainbow-standard, its golden ear-coverings, and the sun-embazoned breastplates and bracelets of beaten gold. Finally, the astronomical observations of Professor Rudolph Muller would seem to prove conclusively that the ruins of Tiahuanaco are over thirteen thousand years of age, in which case South America can boast of having the oldest city in the entire world."

CURIOSITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD.



A "FLAG-FLAPPER" ON POINT DUTY: TRAFFIC CONTROL IN LENINGRAD.

In Leningrad (formerly known as Petrograd, and, before that, as St. Petersburg), Soviet rule has led to an interesting innovation in the control of street traffic. Instead of a policeman on point duty, as with us, a woman is stationed in the road, carrying a flag in each hand, and with these she directs vehicles.



BRASS-WIRE WAIST-BANDS WITH EUROPEAN SHOES AND STOCKINGS: WAKAMBA DANCERS.

"This photograph," says a Kenya Colony correspondent in a covering letter, "was taken at a *ngoma* (native dance) in the Wakamba Reserve. The men were all dressed up in full 'war-paint,' including European shoes and stockings and police whistles. Brass and copper wire form the waist-bands of the men—the girls adding little 'sporrans' of bead-work."

STRANGE EXAMPLES OF ODDITY AND QUIANT LOCAL CUSTOMS.



A TRAM AS "POST OFFICE": ANOTHER INNOVATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

Besides the employment of women to control traffic (illustrated in the left-hand photograph) another innovation in Russia is the tramway "post office." At the back of each tram is fixed a slot machine for stamps combined with a letter-box. Here is one shown in use.



PALÆONTOLOGISTS PLEASE NOTE! A MYSTERIOUS BONE PRESERVED IN A VILLAGE CHURCH.

"This bone," writes a correspondent, "kept in Stanion Church, Northants, is reputed to be the rib of a cow! The cow was supposed to supply the entire village with milk, but an old witch gave her a sieve, and the cow, failing to fill it, broke her heart. No one knows how long the bone has been there."



DECORATED WITH A CAT-AND-CANARY FRIEZE: THE "CAT" HOUSE, HENFIELD, A RELIC OF A FEUD.

"The Cat House (we read) is a quaint thatched cottage in Henfield, Sussex. Around the outside walls are figures of cats holding a bird, made of sheet iron and painted black. They were the handiwork of an eccentric cooper named Robert Ward; who was not on good terms with the Canon of the church, who lived opposite. The feud became acute when the Canon's cat purloined one of the cooper's canaries. To ward off further attacks, he had numerous scollop shells and bells attached to a wire around the house, with many other contrivances. When the Canon passed, the wire was pulled, causing an indescribable din. Another explanation is that the cooper wished to remind the Canon that he regarded him as the 'catspaw' of the people."



NEVER ROBBED, THOUGH OPEN AND UNPROTECTED: A SOUTH AFRICAN WAYSIDE "PILLAR-BOX"—POSTING LETTERS.

This interesting photograph shows a messenger placing a bag containing letters from farms in the Knysa district of Cape Colony in an open box by the roadside, for collection by motor-car. Robbery has never occurred, although the box is quite unprotected—a fact that speaks volumes for the honesty of the neighbourhood.



THE PILLAR LEFT UNCARRIED AT BUSH HOUSE: AN ANCIENT GREEK CUSTOM PERPETUATED IN MODERN LONDON.

One of the eight pillars in a loggia at Bush House, the great building between Aldwych and the Strand, has been left quite plain on one side, while all the others are carved. The reason is explained as "a little superstition, which has come down from the Greeks, that perfection belongs to God alone, and that no man must presume to attain it."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS NEPTUNE'S BARBER: SCENES OF HIS TOUR.



"CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONIES IN THE "KENILWORTH CASTLE": THE PRINCE (CENTRE) IN HIS WHITE COAT AND CAP AS THE COURT BARBER TO KING NEPTUNE.



PROMOTED FROM HIS OLD RANK AS BARBER'S MATE: THE PRINCE (ON RIGHT, FACING CAMERA) AS COURT BARBER TO KING NEPTUNE ABOARD THE "KENILWORTH CASTLE."



THE PRINCE OF WALES ON RIGHT, IN CENTRAL GROUP OF THREE) OFFICIATING AS NEPTUNE'S COURT BARBER: PREPARING TO SHAVE ONE OF HIS FIFTY VICTIMS BEFORE TIPPING HIM BACKWARDS INTO THE TANK.



AT THE ROYAL CAPE GOLF CLUB AT WYNBERG: (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE PRINCE OF WALES; MR. W. A. M. BEARD (CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB); MR. A. B. GODBOLD (PRESIDENT, SOUTH AFRICAN GOLF UNION); AND COL. THE HON. PIERS LEGH (EQUERRY).



A ROYAL FAMILY GATHERING IN CAPE TOWN: THE PRINCE OF WALES, WITH THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.

The Prince of Wales, it may be recalled, arrived at Cape Town on January 20. He stayed for some time with the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General of South Africa) and Princess Alice, and enjoyed golf, bathing, and other diversions in the locality. Later he proceeded north for his hunting trip. He was due on February 11 at Mombasa, where he had arranged to settle the plans for a *safari* organised for him by Captain Finch-Hatton. The first three photographs given above were taken on the voyage to the Cape in the "Kenilworth Castle," during the traditional rites associated with Crossing the Line, and the coming aboard of Neptune and his Court. The Prince officiated as Court Barber, having risen in rank since he appeared as the Barber's Mate fifteen months ago on the voyage to Mombasa in the liner "Malda." This time the Prince shaved

fifty passengers with a gigantic razor. Twenty of the neophytes were women, who, under the new "regulations," volunteered for initiation. The Prince wore a white coat and close-fitting white cap, and was attended by a "lather boy," a clerk-of-court, and deep-sea police. Having shaved each of the victims, the Prince took them by the heels and toppled them over backwards into the tank, where Neptune's "bears" awaited them. All "candidates" wore bathing dress.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEW RÉGIME IN SPAIN SINCE THE RESIGNATION OF GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA: A SITTING OF THE SPANISH CABINET HEADED BY GENERAL DAMASO BERENGUER, PRIME MINISTER. General Damaso Berenguer, Count Xauen, the new Spanish Prime Minister, is seen in the centre. The Cabinet Ministers present (left to right) are Don L. Matos (Public Works), Vice-Admiral Carvia (Navy), General Marzo (Interior), Don J. Estrada (Justice), Don M. Arguelles (Finance), and the Duke of Alba (Education).



VICTIM OF AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION: DON ORTIZ RUBIO, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS FAMILY AT HIS HOME IN MEXICO CITY.

An attempt was made to assassinate Señor Rubio as he was driving from the National Palace to his home on the day of his inauguration, February 5. Six shots were fired. The President, his wife, a niece, and the driver of his car were all wounded slightly, the President in the jaw. The assailant was arrested on the spot.



MR. BALDWIN SPEAKING IN THE LONDON COLISEUM ON THE POLICY OF THE CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST PARTY: THE EX-PREMIER AND LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, SUPPORTED BY MANY MEMBERS OF THE LAST GOVERNMENT, ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE DRAWN FROM THE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE COUNTRY. Mr. Baldwin defined the policy of the Conservative and Unionist Party on the morning of February 5, speaking from the stage.

(Continued opposite.)

SIR HUBERT WILKINS.

For fourteen days, believed lost in the Antarctic. On February 11 came news that his ship, the "William Scoresby," had "wirelessly" had a whaler searching for him.



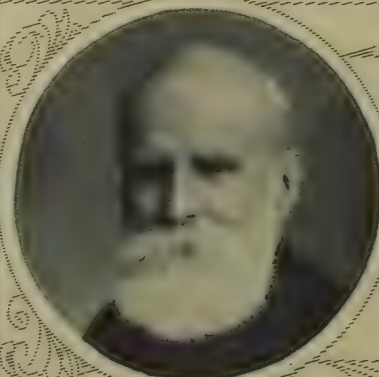
LORD LATHOM.

The third Earl of Lathom died on February 6, aged thirty-four. He was a great lover of the theatre, backed productions; and wrote plays, including "Wet Paint."



THE OXFORD CREW "SENSATION": MR. D. E. TINNE (LEFT), THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE O.U.B.C.; AND MR. A. GRAHAM, WHO RESIGNED.

The coaches of the Oxford crew for the University Boat-Race announced their resignations on February 5, owing to a disagreement with Mr. A. Graham, the President of the O.U.B.C., as to the order of rowing. Subsequently, Mr. Graham resigned, and Mr. D. E. Tinne was elected President.



DR. T. C. FRY. Died on February 10, aged eighty-three. Dean of Lincoln, to whose Cathedral he devoted many years of life, collecting funds for its restoration. Formerly Head Master of Berkhamsted.

MR. F. MARSHALL. New M.P. (Lab.) for the Brightside Division of Sheffield. The Labour majority fell very considerably. An official of the Municipal and General Workers' Union.



THREE YEARS' BAD LUCK IN FLAMES: BURNING THE DEMONS IN CHONI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE YUNNAN EXPEDITION OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.



"ALL EVIL TO WHICH MAN IS HEIR" EMBODIED IN THE TRIANGULAR PIECE OF PAPER FASTENED TO FORKED STICKS: THE "DEMONS" AND "THREE YEARS OF BAD LUCK" HELD OVER THE FIRE BEFORE BEING BURNED—THE LAMA ONZE IN THE LEFT-CENTRE FOREGROUND.

ON our double-page in this issue, we illustrate a phase of the Festival of Le Chon Chaker. Here is another and most remarkable phase. Describing it, Dr. Joseph F. Rock writes: "While the monks chanted and prayed, sand and a few large bricks were brought in and a fireplace was built. A large copper kettle was placed on the improvised stove. Into this kettle pure vegetable oil was poured. . . . Then a fire was started under the pot. At the foot of the chanting hall steps sat a row of lamas, among them the new Lama Onze. . . . It was his duty to-day to drive out all demons. On a small stool in front of him lay a triangular piece of white paper. . . . Written on it in demon language were prayers about heretics and unbelieving monks who do not pray. All evil to which man is heir had been coerced by means of spells and magic to enter the white paper. . . .

[Continued opposite.



THE BURNING OF THE BAD LUCK AND THE "DEMONS" IN THE TRIANGLE OF PAPER: THE EXPLOSION IN THE POT AS THE LAMA ONZE THREW A MIXTURE OF SULPHUR AND SALT AND WINE INTO THE FLAMES DURING THE FESTIVAL OF LE CHON CHAKER.

[Continued.]

Black smoke rose from the burning pot. The new Lama Onze, who had risen, stood like a statue, then wrapped several protecting silk scarfs around his right hand. The triangular paper was fastened to two forked twigs and held over the pot. . . . All the oil was now on fire, and the blaze shot twenty feet into the air. . . . The Lama Onze moved slowly forward toward the flame-spouting pot, in his hand a bowl containing sulphur and salt mixed with red wine. He was very cautious, no doubt remembering the fate of a predecessor who had died of injuries received at this ceremony. . . . He threw the contents of his bowl into the fire. There was an explosion, and a high blue flame rose to the sky, carrying away the ashes of the magic paper. . . . Three years of bad luck to come, as well as many demons, had gone up in smoke." And attendant soldiery fired a suitable salute!

ON THE DAY OF THE BURNING OF THE DEMONS: A PRELIMINARY TO EXORCISM EXTRAORDINARY.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE YUNNAN EXPEDITION OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES. REPRODUCTION BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

AS our readers will recall when they remember the remarkable coloured illustrations of sculptures in butter and of ceremonies at the Tibetan Monastery of Choni which were published in our issues of September 28 and October 12 of last year, Choni is in the south-western part of Kansu Province. The natives, it should be added, are of Tibetan origin; in fact, there are few real Chinese in Choni. Here, and on another page, we illustrate further phases of life among the lamas of the place. Concerning this picture, Dr. Joseph F. Rock gave some very interesting details in the "National Geographic Magazine." The scene is during the Festival of Le Chon Chaker, which marks the installation of the new Lama Onze (Presiding Priest), and the very ceremonial banishment of demons. "At each side of the courtyard in front of the old chanting hall four rows of lamas sat on carpets. Those in the front rows were officials. . . . Twenty monks in the front rows struck cymbals in unison. Ten drums, five on each side, were held erect and beaten with curved rods. The Lama Onze, who had presided over Choni lamasery for the last three years, walked slowly up and down the aisle and led the chanting in a deep bass. . . . In his hand he carried a short, ornamented rod, at the end of which was a burning incense stick." After the chanting, the lamas drove the mob further back, under a rain of blows; and the dancers entered in pairs. During these dances, "a doubled-up miniature human figure made of a red dough and covered with heavy iron chains was brought in on a large tray. This image represented a heretic, or evil-doer," who, after being threatened with various weapons, was stabbed and thus rendered powerless. On this same occasion, it was the duty of the Lama Onze to burn the "demons" and three years' bad luck; this process is illustrated on another page.



AT THE GATHERING OF THE LAMAS OF CHONI FOR THE INSTALLATION OF A NEW LAMA ONZE AND THE BANISHMENT OF EVIL SPIRITS: THE RETIRING PRESIDING PRIEST WALKING, INCENSE STICK IN HAND, BETWEEN THE MONKS, WHOSE CHANTING HE IS LEADING.

ART OF TO-DAY AND LONG AGO: APPRECIATION AND ICONOCLASM.



EARLY SUMERIAN ART OF THE REMOTE PAST: A CLAY FIGURINE OF A CHEETAH RECENTLY FOUND AT UR.

In his recent report of the latest discoveries made at Ur by the Joint Expedition of the British Museum (by whose courtesy we give these photographs), and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, its leader, stated that in a depth of 29 ft. eight separate buildings of successive periods were found, the fourth from the top being already older than the



"THE OLDEST PIECE OF SCULPTURE THAT WE HAVE FROM UR": A STEATITE FIGURE OF A BOAR CARVED IN THE ROUND. (SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE—4½ IN. LONG.)

royal graves. "On the 29-ft. level," he writes, "there was found a steatite figure of a wild boar, 4½ in. long and carved in the round. The whole character of the crouching brute is rendered with amazing skill, but more marked than the realism of the work is its conscious style. It is the oldest piece of sculpture from Ur, and it implies the apprenticeship of many generations."



MODERNISM IN MURAL PAINTING: ONE OF THE NEW SERIES AT MORLEY COLLEGE—"THE DUKE AND HIS COURT AT PICNIC" (IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"), BY E. BAWDEN. Mr. Baldwin unveiled on February 6 new mural paintings at the Morley College for Working Men and Women, Westminster Bridge Road. These have been presented by Sir Joseph Duveen, and are the work of Mr. E. Bawden, Mr. C. Mahoney, and Mr. E. W. Ravillious. Mr. Baldwin commended the paintings as "conceived in joy," and expressed the belief that they were the beginning of a movement towards similar decorations in schools and colleges throughout the country.



A PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE BOUGHT FOR £262 10s.: A LANDSCAPE WITH NYMPH AND SATYR, AT SUNSET. (PANEL, 13½ BY 18 IN.)

This picture was one of several from Lord Chesham's collection recently sold in London. It was exhibited at Burlington House in 1879 as a Giorgione, and at the sale was catalogued as his work, but the small panel was so dirty that its subject was obliterated, and it went for £262 10s. The buyer was acting for Mr. Frank T. Sabin, the New Bond Street art dealer, who, having cleaned the picture, was delighted with his "find."



ANTI-RELIGIOUS ICONOCLASM IN RUSSIA: WORKERS SORTING THE STONES OF A DYNAMITED MONASTERY.

In our last issue we illustrated the demolition of the Simonoff Monastery, near Moscow, a fourteenth-century building which, it was reported, was blown up recently, on the anniversary of Lenin's death, to be replaced by a "palace of culture." The same phrase occurs in the inscription on the banner shown on the right-hand photograph above, which reads to the effect that "we



A CARVED HEAD OF CHRIST WHICH HAD SURVIVED THE BLOWING-UP OF A CHURCH.



HOISTING A BOLSHEVIST BANNER ABOVE A MURAL PAINTING (UPSIDE DOWN) OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

will build the palace of culture on the site of this ecclesiastical 'Bastille.'" A protest against anti-religious persecution in Russia was recently made by the Pope, who recalled that, at Christmas, hundreds of churches were closed and numerous ikons burned. He also instanced many examples of sacrilegious mockery of Christian rites and customs.

BY THREE MASTERS: PICTURES THAT ARE TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



"VENICE."—BY BIRKET FOSTER: A MARKET DAY ON THE GIUDECCA; ACROSS THE CANAL, THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, THE DOGANA, AND THE DOGE'S PALACE.



"PASSING THE FLOCK."—BY BIRKET FOSTER: A LANE SCENE, WITH A FARM-CART IN WHICH SEVEN PEASANT CHILDREN ARE RIDING; SHOWN AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908.



"BLIND MAN'S BUFF."—BY GEORGE MORLAND.



"MORNING: HIGGLERS PREPARING FOR MARKET." BY GEORGE MORLAND.



"CHATHAM, FROM FORT PITT."—BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.: A VIEW FROM HIGH GROUND ABOVE THE MEDWAY, WITH THE TOWN IN MID-DISTANCE; A SENTRY AND OTHER SOLDIERS IN FRONT.



"LYDIA."—BY THE REV. M. W. PETERS, R.A., PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN AND CHAPLAIN TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

The pictures here reproduced come from the Collection of the late Mr. Barnett Lewis, which is to be sold at Christie's on February 28 and March 3. The "Venice," by Birket Foster, which is the first of our illustrations, shows, as is noted above, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, the Dogana, and the Doge's Palace, and also (on the left) the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore. As to the artists, it seems superfluous these days to say anything of Morland and of Turner, but, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with their careers, a word or two may be given. George Morland, who was born on June 26, 1763, and died in his forty-second year, was so precocious, it is said, that when he was three he had begun to draw on dusty tables in his father's studio; and, when he was

four, Benjamin West saw him there. He was distinctly an "Idle Apprentice"; was continually dodging creditors; and even did some of his best work in the "Rules" of the King's Bench Prison. As to Turner, he was born on April 23, 1775, the son of a barber; and he died on December 19, 1851. He, also, was an infant prodigy of sorts, for he began his work, in his father's shop, at a very early age, and he was but nine when he made his earliest-known drawing—one of Margate Church. He was an "Industrious Apprentice," and laboured hard. Then we come to the Rev. M. W. Peters. He was born in the first half of the 18th century, and died in 1814. He became an R.A. in 1777. "Peter Pindar" satirised him severely, says Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE FATAL DISASTER TO A FRENCH AIR UNION "GOLIATH" FLYING FROM PARIS TO LONDON: THE WRECK OF THE MACHINE, WHICH CRASHED ON THE EMERGENCY LANDING-GROUND BETWEEN MARDEN AND STAPLEHURST, KENT, AND BURST INTO FLAMES. A French Air Union "Goliath," flying from Paris to London, made a forced landing between Marden and Staplehurst, on February 10, crashed, and was burnt out. She had a French crew and English passengers. Two people were killed and four were injured. The ill-fated passengers were Mr. A. A. Hodges, a schoolmaster in the Royal Navy, and his wife, formerly a shorthand-typist, who had been married on the previous Wednesday, and had flown to Paris for their honeymoon. Mr. Hodges was twenty-eight and Mrs. Hodges was twenty-one.



KILLED IN THE DISASTER TO THE FRENCH AIR UNION "GOLIATH" MR. A. A. HODGES AND HIS WIFE, WHO WERE MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 5 AND WERE RETURNING FROM THEIR HONEYMOON.



A FAMOUS CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE: IN THE RUINS OF ST. MARY, EATON SOCON, BEDFORDSHIRE, WHICH HAD FINELY CARVED ROOFS AND 15TH-CENTURY SEATS.

The church was destroyed by fire on the night of February 8. Registers dating from 1566 and Communion plate dated 1609 were saved. The building, which was restored in 1868, was of the Perpendicular period, and could boast of a fine chancel screen, beautifully carved roofs, seats with fifteenth-century poppyheads, and brasses dating from 1400. There was a Norman font, a relic of an earlier structure.



SOLD BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND—TO SATISFY THE TAX-COLLECTORS: SOME OF THE GOODWOOD PARK TREES "KNOCKED DOWN" FOR £45,600 AS TIMBER.

The demands of the tax-collectors being what they are, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, as we recorded the other day, is selling certain of his famous pictures and books. A few days ago, further, he sold some two million cubic feet of Goodwood Park timber. One lot fetched £600, and the remainder was 'knocked down' for £45,000. Every endeavour has been made not to damage the amenities of the famous park.



IRELAND BEAT ENGLAND IN THE RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT DUBLIN ON FEBRUARY 8: A. L. NOVIS SCORES ENGLAND'S ONLY TRY, AND IS TACKLED—TOO LATE—BY E. O'D. DAVY.



IRELAND AND ENGLAND AT DUBLIN: T. P. MURRAY, WHO SCORED THE DROPPED GOAL FOR IRELAND, "CHAIRER" TO THE DRESSING-ROOMS BY THE CROWD AT THE END OF THE GAME.

Ireland beat England at Dublin by a dropped goal (4 points) to a try (3 points); and thus ended the third international Rugby match of this season which has been decided by a drop-kick. Incidentally, the result enhances the French chance of winning the championship for the first time. Needless to say, there was much Irish enthusiasm at the close of the game, and the winning fifteen were "chaired" to the dressing-rooms.

BEAUTY—IN THE EYES OF NATIONAL BEHOLDERS :

"QUEENS" CHOSEN BY COUNTRIES—& "MISS EUROPE."



"MISS SWEDEN": MISS ALEXA ENGSTROM.



"MISS HUNGARY":
MISS MARIA PAPPSZ.



"MISS GERMANY":
MISS DORIT NITY-KOWSKI.



"MISS ENGLAND": MISS MARJORIE ROSS.



"MISS GREECE"—AND ALSO "MISS EUROPE":
MISS ALICE DIPLARAKOU.



"MISS
RUMANIA":
MISS
ZOICA DONA.



"MISS ITALY":
MISS MAFALDA
MARIOTTINO.



"MISS DENMARK":
MISS ESTHER PEDERSEN.



"MISS CZECHO-SLOVAKIA":
MISS MILADA DOSTALOVA.



"MISS BELGIUM":
MISS JENNY VAN PARYS.



"MISS HOLLAND":
MISS RIE VAN DER REST.



"MISS YUGO-SLAVIA":
MISS STEPHANIE DROBNYAK.



"MISS SPAIN":
MISS ELENA PLA.



"MISS BULGARIA":
MISS COUNKA TCHOUBANOVA.



"MISS IRELAND":
MISS VERA CURRAN.



"MISS RUSSIA":
MISS IRENE WENTZELL.



"MISS TURKEY":
MISS HANOUM.



"MISS AUSTRIA": MISS
INGEBORG VON GRIEBERGER.



"MISS FRANCE":
MISS YVETTE LABROUSSE.

IN September, there is to be what is termed a World Beauty Contest in Rio de Janeiro. The chosen "Queens" of various nations will take part in this, and the one who is judged to be the most beautiful will receive the title "Miss Universe"—and a substantial prize! For some while, therefore, committees in various countries have been engaged in selecting their most charming "type"; while, a few days ago, "Miss Europe" was elected from among the "Misses" of nineteen European peoples who visited Paris for that purpose before proceeding on a tour of the Riviera. "Miss Turkey" was not present; and "Miss Portugal" had not then been voted for. As is noted above, the "Miss Europe" of 1930 is Miss Alice Diplarakou, of Greece, who is eighteen and the daughter of a Spartan lawyer. Great care has been taken that each competitor shall be truly typical of the fair women of the land of her birth, and demonstrate the Beauty that is in the eye of the particular beholding People.

THE WORLD'S FEVER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

I SAW Paris, for the first time, in 1893. I passed almost the whole of the year 1896 there. I returned there several times between 1896 and 1906. Between 1906 and 1922 I made one or two journeys to Paris every year. For eight years after 1922, for reasons which did not depend on my own will, I could no longer go there. At last I have seen Paris again—at the beginning of 1930...

Therefore, I dwell in Paris in the Horse Age, which must seem something like the Reindeer and Stone Age to the present generation! Therefore, I lived in Paris during that prehistoric time when, on the lovely spring days, one could travel from one end of the city to the other at the cost of three-half-pence, on the roof of an omnibus, and catch indiscreet glimpses of the intimate life going on in the *entresols* of the houses whose windows were wide open to the soft air. In comparison with the medium-sized and the small towns of the period, that "antediluvian" Paris already lived in a state of effervescence which bewildered visitors who came from afar. But the effervescence of 1890 was nothing but a gentle provincial sleepiness, compared with the fever of to-day.

For nearly forty years I have seen the torrents of men and vehicles which circulate in the Paris streets annually grow in volume and in pace, making ever more noise. Viewed thus from year to year, the swelling of this flood impressed the foreigner more strongly than it did the Parisian, who was the unconscious spectator of the imperceptible daily increase. The last impression, after an interval of eight years, was the strongest. At the beginning of 1930, I found the streets, avenues, and boulevards invaded by a rushing river which, at times, became a series of veritable rapids of men and machines. . . . It appears that it is the same in all the great metropolises of the West—London, Berlin, and New York. But these metropolises are the pulses of the world. The world's pulse, during the last ten years, beats stronger and more rapidly every year. Is the world, then, suffering from fever?

This speedier circulation and the overcrowding of the great cities and towns are only an external and partial manifestation of the universal ferment for producing ever greater quantities of riches in the same space of time. The epoch of the horse, to which the youth of my generation belonged, has not yielded its place to the epoch of petrol motors in thirty years only because of a simple platonic love of velocity which seems to have taken possession of mankind. The urge towards this transformation is still the need which, during the past century, has involved a part of humanity in a Wheel of Fate which obliges it to augment its activity continually, either by producing or consuming in ever-growing quantities. To produce more, to consume more, has been the duty of all the generations which have succeeded each other in Europe and America since 1848. The result has not been the same in all countries, but as, by degrees, the effort has become general, those faithful partners who had served the human race since the beginning of history, the horse and the ox, have everywhere been placed on the retired list. Their place has been taken increasingly by mechanical means of locomotion which lengthen the day by economising time.

This transformation has, since 1848, been subject to a law of spontaneous acceleration. But during the last fifteen years spontaneous acceleration has been reinforced by an enormous accident—that of the World War—which has obliged all peoples and all classes to work and produce more, by multiplying taxes, State debts, and public and private expenses. The world's fever, of which one can feel the pulsation in Paris and all the great centres of the West, is really nothing but that duty of producing and consuming more and more which is imposed upon the universe partly by the spontaneous movement of our civilisation and partly by the World War. To-day we must make in one hour what it took two or three hours to make thirty years ago, and a whole day a century ago. We must

lengthen time as if it were a piece of elastic, and, in a measure, we succeed in doing so partly by an effort of spirit and will-power, and partly thanks to certain machines which help us. Motor-cars are merely the most popular of these machines—those which serve to economise our time when we go from place to place.

It is obvious that the world is a little tired as a result of this incessant effort, which grows ever more intense. Critical bitterness, spiritual instability, and the pessimism which gnaws the vitals of our age, are only the visible signs of that fatigue. Is, then, the fever which causes the world's pulse to beat so furiously an organic illness? That conclusion would be forced upon us if it were demon-

the successive development of all industries has been accompanied by an enlargement of their field of customers, and by a growing vulgarisation of their products. At first this was limited to those industries which worked for elementary needs, but that zeal to serve ever-increasing crowds was extended to the luxury industries and to art, literature, and politics.

But when the patrons, or the public, served by an industry or an art are extended, its quality, tendencies, aspirations, desires, and tastes change at the same time. The standard and measure by which the perfection of the production is judged no longer remains the same. An industry or art will only find and keep its customers and appeal to the public if its promoters are able to guess at and cater for the new taste, and, at the same time, adapt themselves to the new requirements, which is not always either easy or agreeable, especially at the outset. Customers, or a public, which are beginning to have a taste for the products of an industry or an art, are not sure of what they really wish; they allow themselves to be led easily and even to be deceived; and from time to time they offer inopportune resistance, especially under the form of indifference.

For a century this has been one of the world's torments. Since 1830, the customers and public of all arts and industries change every thirty years, while at the same time they increase; therefore, it is no longer possible to educate taste, because we have hardly finished with one generation when we have to begin Sisyphus's work over again on a larger scale with the next generation! We live in a state of perpetual transition which never resolves itself into anything stable. And that is what gives the present effervescent state of the world the appearance of fever. The shock of the World War has, in the space of ten years, enlarged the number of customers and the public users of all the arts and industries as much as the normal movement of interests and minds would have done in thirty years. But what do the heterogeneous and enormous masses for which the world works really want? No one knows, not even the masses themselves.

It is often said that no one reads in these days. But how can this reproach be made in an epoch which every day devours so many newspapers, reviews, and books? We are a paper-devouring civilisation. There is an over-production of printed paper to-day, for the same reason that there is over-production of so many other things: because of the enormous demand. We might truly and with justice reproach our age for reading too much, too hurriedly, without any critical spirit. It swallows everything and hardly digests anything. No longer having a limited and homogeneous public for which to cater, a public whose tastes and predilections are known, editors, writers, and critics are all equally thrown out of gear. The public, its aspirations being nebulous and confused, in its turn no longer knows what it wants, and often allows itself to be impressed by anything that is violent, bizarre, and unexpected; sometimes, on the contrary, it conceives a horror

for such things. The most unexpected and contradictory movements may be produced in a fluid and formless mass.

It is much the same to-day with all art and with all luxury industries. And the United States are troubled by the same perturbations. All the Governments of Europe and America seem, like Greek Caryatides, weighed down under the burden of entablatures which are too heavy for them to support. Why? Because they no longer have to conduct the affairs and interests and to satisfy the aspirations of small homogeneous minorities, but of immense confused masses which demand contradictory things. The dream of '48 has everywhere become a reality: universal suffrage is the deep source of the legitimacy of the State. By universal suffrage, the representative bodies and the Press, each man brings pressure to bear on the Government, puts forward his desires, worries it with his complaints, recriminations, and criticisms, curses and threatens it if it recoils: town and country, rich and poor, industrialists, workmen, and merchants, intellectuals and illiterates, Catholics and Protestants, free-thinkers and mystics, nationalists and cosmopolitans, traditionalists and revolutionaries. Everywhere the State lives in the centre of a formidable whirlpool

[Continued on page 274.]



AN OLD PUZZLE WHICH STILL EXISTS AND CONTINUES TO MYSTIFY PEOPLE—THUS TAKING PRECEDENCE OVER THAT NEW PUZZLE, THE "ZIP" FASTENER (ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): "A BOY WITH A PUZZLE," BY BERNARDINO LUINI (C. 1475-1532)—DETAIL OF A PICTURE NOW IN THE ITALIAN ART EXHIBITION.

This interesting picture (here shown only in part to illustrate the puzzle) was lent to the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House by Colonel Douglas James Proby. The puzzle, although so old, is one that still exists and continues to mystify people in the form of a modern type of note-case, wherein a note, or other paper, inserted on one side is found on the other when the case is opened the reverse way. On the opposite page is illustrated an entirely new kind of "puzzle"—the operation of the modern "Zip" fastening, of which explanatory illustrations are given.

strated that this effort causes us more suffering than joy. Without wishing to decide such a complex question, we will limit ourselves to establishing the point that this increase of production, like those which preceded it, is accompanied by a perturbation whose origin and nature it is necessary to understand.

When we speak of increasing the riches of our country, of Europe, or of the world, we always suppose that riches can increase without anything about us being changed except the quantity of possessions at our disposal. We imagine that our country, Europe, and the world can become richer thanks to an effort of work, while remaining in all other ways what it was before. Riches would be the absolute good if this were indeed so. But it is not so. It is useless to produce more if consumption does not increase in proportion. But, in order to increase the consumption of an object, it is necessary to extend the number of its customers. Since 1830, the capital problem of the great industrial development has been to find new customers—that is to say, to lead individuals, groups, classes, peoples, and races to consume products of which, up till that time, they had not felt the need. For a century

A NEW PUZZLE OF MODERN MECHANISM: MYSTERIES OF THE "ZIP" FASTENER.

HOW THE "ZIP" FASTENER WORKS: DETAILS AND AN EXPLANATORY DIAGRAM.



1. SHOWING HOW THE ROWS OF "ZIP" CLAMPS ARE SECURED TO THE EDGE OF THE MATERIAL IN CROSS SECTION: A CLAMP FIXED.

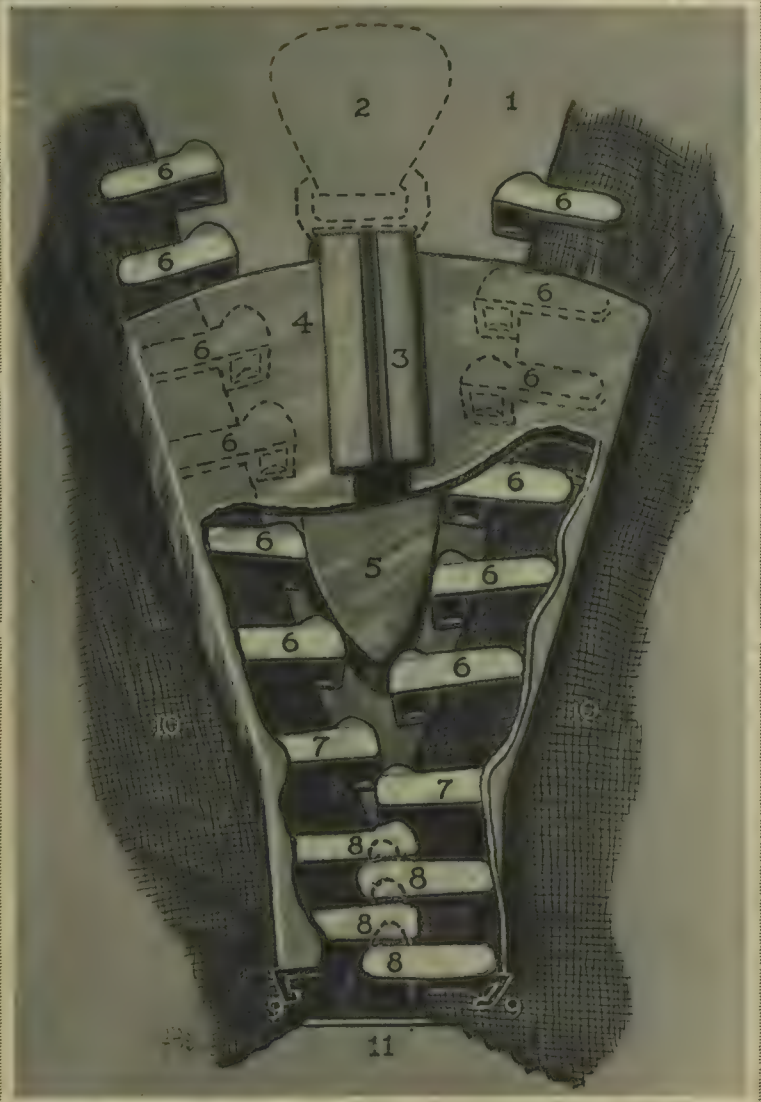


2. A "ZIP" FASTENER IN OPERATION: THE METHOD OF OPENING OR CLOSING A WOMAN'S HAND-BAG, WITH A SLIGHT PULL.

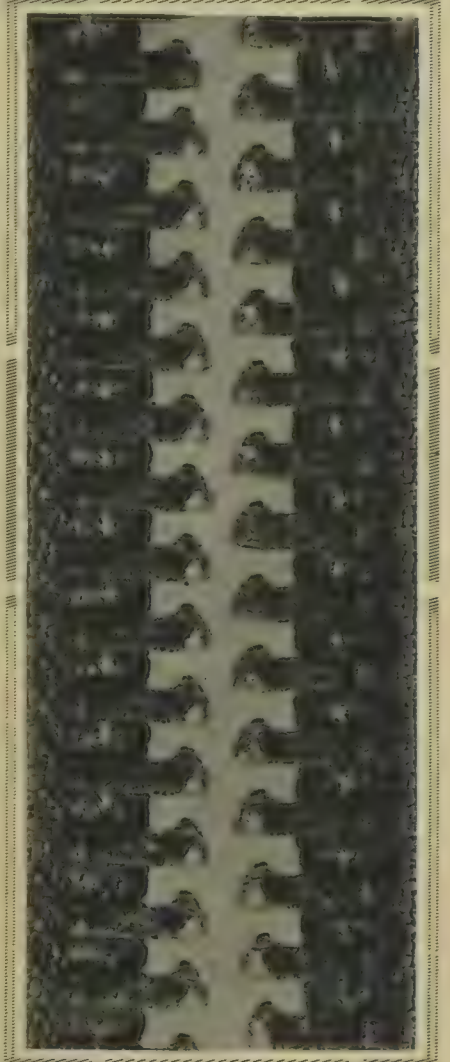
3. A "ZIP" FASTENER SLIDE IN LONGITUDINAL SECTION: THE "HEART" (AT THE TOP) THAT FORCES THE ROWS OF CLAMPS APART, AND TWO "TRACKS" (RIGHT AND LEFT) THAT REUNITE THEM ON CLOSING.



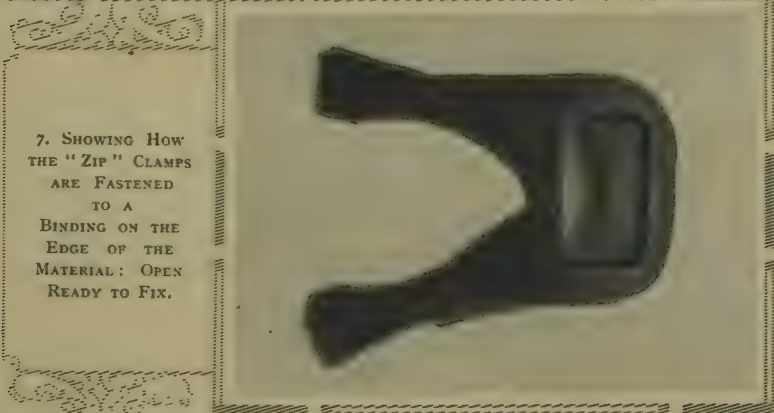
4. THE "ZIP" PART OPEN WITH THE "HEART" THAT ACTUATES THE OPENING AND CLOSING, RELEASING CLAMPS WHEN THE PLATE TO WHICH IT IS FIXED IS PRESSED DOWN—A SHADOWGRAPH.



5. DETAILS OF A "ZIP" FASTENER: (1) OPEN; (2) TAB FOR SLIDING FASTENER UP OR DOWN; (3) SLIDE TO HOLD TAB; (4) OUTER CASING OF THE FASTENER; (5) WEDGE THAT CAUSES TEETH TO DISENGAGE WHEN FASTENER IS DRAWN DOWNWARDS; (6) TEETH DISENGAGED; (7) TEETH JUST BEFORE BEING DISENGAGED; (8) TEETH ENGAGED—THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE METHOD OF INTER-LOCKING; (9) CHANNEL AT SIDES OF FASTENER CAUSING TEETH TO ENGAGE WHEN FASTENER IS DRAWN UPWARDS; (10) PLIABLE FABRIC TO WHICH TEETH ARE ATTACHED, ALLOWING SUFFICIENT MOVEMENT FOR TEETH TO LOCK OR TO UNLOCK; (11) CLOSED.



6. THE "ZIP" FASTENER OPENED, WITH THE TWO SIDE CLAMP SERIES IN POSITION—EACH CLAMP HAVING A BEAD ON ONE SIDE AND A GROOVE ON THE OTHER, TO FIT INTO EACH OTHER.



7. SHOWING HOW THE "ZIP" CLAMPS ARE FASTENED TO A BINDING ON THE EDGE OF THE MATERIAL: OPEN READY TO FIX.



8. SHOWING HOW THE CLAMPS FIT INTO ONE ANOTHER WHEN CLOSED: A ROUGH REPRESENTATION, BUT SUFFICIENT TO INDICATE THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MECHANISM.

Explaining the mechanism of the "Zip" fastener, Professor W. Scheffer writes (in "Die Koralle"): "The individual parts of the fastener are technically known as 'clamps' (or teeth). In some zip fasteners the clamp on one side has a knob and on the other side a recess, into which the knob fits. The fastener we are reviewing is of this type. Fig. 6 shows a side view of the open zip fastener in the correct relative position of the two parts. Fig. 8 is a longitudinal section taken through four clamps. With this diagram one can cut out three corresponding pieces, fasten them with pins on cork or soft wood, and study the tilting movement. The model of the centre clamp must be fixed loosely. This experiment

gives a better idea of the action than an over-lengthy description. Fig. 4 shows a shadowgraph of a partly opened and partly closed fastener with the tilting action of the heart-shaped member taken from an actual fastener. In Fig. 3 the cut-out slide with the heart is shown. The clamps are fixed to narrow tapes, and the method of fixing is shown in Fig. 1. Here a single clamp has been cut out, and is shown enlarged. The groove for the knob of the neighbouring clamp and part of the tape projecting underneath can be seen. Inside is a dark, approximately rectangular part corresponding to the pressed-in edge of the tape. Fig. 1 shows this edge of the material considerably enlarged."

BLOWING INTO BATTLE: "JACK" SEELY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ADVENTURE": By the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. SEELY.*

(PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.)

A DIFFICULTY raises the Spirits of a great Man, he hath a mind to wrestle with it, and give it a Fall. A Man's Mind must be very low, if the Difficulty doth not make a part of his Pleasure." Thus wrote George Savile, first Marquess of Halifax. Had he been less modest, General Seely might have set this on his title-page; for he has ever rejoiced in tight corners. "Adventurement" has been his all his days. "Each of the elements," he recalls, "earth, air, fire, and water has threatened me in turn. I have been drowned, and revived by artificial respiration; fallen a greater distance than is thought possible for survival, and yet still live; faced a hostile rifle at fifteen yards, when a miss was impossible, and been unaccountably spared; experienced a burst petrol tank at four thousand feet in mid-air, yet not been burned to death; and over and over again on the Western Front have found myself alone unharmed when everyone of those around me has been killed or wounded." That, as Will Rogers and countrymen would say, is sure speaking a mouthful; but it is true. "Good fortune seldom deserts the resolute"; and the superstitious may remark that the General is a seventh child!

At Harrow, where he was the youthful Stanley Baldwin's fag—and preparer-in-ordinary of "good buttered eggs"—he and Tom Conolly hoisted the Union Jack on the spire of the Church to celebrate Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, a scrambling enterprise calling for daring and ingenuity. At Davos he had that riding accident which brought concussion and congestion of the brain and gave the politically-opposed Arthur Balfour opportunity to say twenty years later, on hearing the story for the first time, "My dear Jack, that explains it all!" In '91 he swam to a wreck with a line when it was too perilous to launch the lifeboat. Nearing Cape Town in a 3000-tonner designed to sail and steam, he acted as an A.B. for a while. In New Zealand the River Mangawhero nearly swept him to the Styx; he met, and did not shake hands with, the Maori outlaw, Te Kooti, who had clubbed to death every man, woman, and child in the Poverty Bay settlement; and he adored a Kiwi-cloaked Princess. Then he learned conveyancing at Field Roscoe's; was one of a lifeboat crew; glimpsed Egypt and assisted in paying a subsidy to an Arab chief who collected "trick," chiming watches; and was called to the Bar. His legal career was short, for the House of Commons and the South African War diverted him from briefs. An enthusiastic Yeomanry officer, he left for the front in January 1900; saw very active service and the devastation typhoid could cause; was arrested, and afterwards congratulated, for having disobeyed a lawful order; noted the absurdity of obsolete, drill-book and barrack-yard, manoeuvres and attacks, especially the folly that is in daylight infantry advances against positions defended by rifle fire; unwittingly "stole" Lord Kitchener's specially imported pair of Indian cooks—and shot at Botha, luckily without hitting him! It was at a post at Lone Tree Hill, Seely was visiting his line; and it was one o'clock on a dim morning. "I lay down," he writes, "beside the corporal, who said that he had just heard horses' hoofs. Hardly had he said it when a figure appeared dimly in the mist, on horseback, riding towards us. The corporal was about to fire, but I snatched his rifle from him, whispering 'Let him come on.' The mist was drifting in swathes over the hill and for a moment he was invisible, while I heard the horse advancing on the stony ground; then for a second I saw a commanding figure silhouetted against the grey mist. . . . The figure turned and galloped away, I fired, re-loaded and fired again; I ran forward with the corporal, but, although the range was not more than fifteen yards, I had made a clean miss both times." After the war, the identity of the man of mystery was disclosed—Botha on a reconnaissance of the enemy positions!

After this, very different guerrilla fighting—the Army Reform Movement (Winston Churchill, Seely, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir John Dickson-Poynder, and Ernest Beckett, afterwards Lord Grimthorpe; with Colonel Kemp, now Lord Rochdale, Ivor Guest, now Lord Wimborne, and Robert Yerburgh); Free Trade versus Protection; the Chinese Labour controversy and election-cry; the chagrin of the M.P. not of the Outside Left, but the Left Outside; office as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies and work on the Committee of Imperial Defence "as important as it was secret"; the South African Bill; the Under-Secretaryship at the War Office; and, on June 12, 1912, the Secretaryship of State for War, a post he held until March, 1914, when he resigned during the Irish crisis, although continuing on the Committee of Imperial Defence. Meanwhile, he, and, of course, others with him, had reached the conclusion that a war with Germany was inevitable. Vital steps were taken, warily that there

might be no assertion that Great Britain was aggressive. The chief obstacle in the way was, as usual, set, old-fashioned, tight-uniformed military mentality; and, that this might be crossed and the march along the road of progress hastened, there was created the "High Level Bridge"—Seely; Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty; Prince Louis of Battenberg, then First Sea Lord; and French, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; with the Permanent Secretaries of the Admiralty and War Office in attendance, and with Maurice Hankey as Secretary, to link this "little body" to the Committee of Imperial Defence.

All Parties were consulted confidentially, and all Parties worked together for the common weal. As one result of this, a more stringent Official Secrets Act was passed through all its stages in the Commons in one day, "without a word of explanation from the Minister in charge!"

Preparation was piled on preparation: so that some six months after the Great War had begun a French soldier of distinction said: "Without doubt, History will record that of all the nations who went into the war, you had thought it out best beforehand. Perhaps History will add that, nevertheless, you ran it rather fine"; and Foch agreed a few weeks later.



SOLD FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF £3250: A VERY RARE CHELSEA GROUP BY LOUIS ROUBILIAC; BASED ON THE ENGRAVING OF BOUCHER'S PICTURE "LE MOUTON FAVORI."

This Chelsea group, which bears upon it the gold anchor mark and the letter "R," indicating the Anglo-French modeller, Louis Roubiliac, was sold at Hurcomb's last week for the record price of £3250. It is based on the engraving of Boucher's "Le Mouton Favori"; is sixteen inches high; and dates from 1763-65. There is another example of this group in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and there are two in private collections. Bidding began at £1000. It is interesting to add that the owner, wanting to buy a second-hand motor-car, handed over this piece for sale hoping that it would bring something between £50 and £100!

In which connection, it is of value to cite an instance of uninformed criticism in high places. There was controversy as to the British rifle. This had "a lower muzzle velocity than the rifles possessed by most European powers, and, therefore, a slightly higher trajectory." Lord Roberts argued that at a particular range, beginning at about five hundred yards, our bullets would fly just over the heads of an enemy walking towards them, while, at the same range, the enemy's bullets, flying lower, would just shoot our men through the head." That was well enough and expert; but the answer could be made that "there were a great many elements in a rifle, of which extreme flatness of trajectory was the least important." It was Bonar Law who "put both feet into it." General Seely tells: "Mr. Bonar Law took up this question, and at a great public meeting denounced all concerned, and especially myself, in unmeasured terms for leaving our troops armed with a weapon inferior to that possessed by their possible enemies. A moment's inquiry from any of our experts would have shown him the extreme danger of attempting to re-arm at so critical a time. . . . Fortunately, the soldiers paid no attention and no serious harm followed. When the war came it was found that our rifle

was so much the best of all the rifles of the combatants that one of our minor difficulties was to prevent our French friends, lying alongside of us, from swapping their rifle for ours."

So to the Great War and more than a sufficiency of deeds of derring-do for Jack Seely—as a Special Service Officer with the Expeditionary Force, when it was his duty to "proceed to the front line of both the British and French Armies each day, and report personally to Sir John French"; as a special liaison officer; as cavalry leader in the trenches and in the open; in command of the Canadian mounted brigade; and as victor at Moreuil Ridge. A sufficiency of deeds with more than a sufficiency of danger, though it is evident that the General relished the risks; and, need it be said, there were a number of happenings worthy of recall.

Paris expecting the entry of the Boches; and the imperturbable Governor with plenary powers: "Galliéni was a most impressive figure. In spite of all the desperate wounds he had received at Mars la Tour in the War of 1870, and, in spite of his age, he was as vigorous and alert in his conversation with me as a man of twenty-five. There can be no doubt that his valiant spirit inspired the levies he commanded. They fought with fanatical courage, literally hand to hand. Some days later, near Meaux, I saw a field covered with dead French and Germans almost or quite touching, and in one case with their fingers still grasping each others' throats. Amongst the heroic figures of the war stands Galliéni!"

Then—Antwerp and Winston Churchill. "From the moment I arrived it was apparent that the whole business was in Winston's hands. He dominated the whole place; the King, Ministers, soldiers, sailors. So great was his influence that I am convinced that with 20,000 British troops he could have held Antwerp against any onslaught. But it was clearly out of the question for the First Lord of the Admiralty to stay behind with a small forlorn hope, and, characteristically, he would not allow others to take a risk he could not take himself."

Another occasion: Some officious person arrested Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who had come to France to visit a hospital run by the Society of Friends, a few miles behind the line, between Dunkirk and Ypres. Seely was despatched to express H.Q. regret; and before long both soldier-politician and politician-civilian were under fire and in a French support trench, the future Labour Premier very cool. "He returned to England next day," General Seely chronicles, "and in a public speech, while maintaining his, to me, inexplicable attitude towards the war, paid eloquent tribute to the astonishing courage of the combatants, especially the French, whom he had seen."

Next, by way of tribute to the Prince of Wales: "Later in the day I found that there was an elaborate and well-meant conspiracy to prevent the young Prince from getting to the Front Line. I can record that these plans were a complete failure. The Prince had what I may call the 'Front Line mind' in the first degree."

So to humour—and to one horror; though be it emphasised that General Seely does not deal in the "All Quiet" aspect of war: in fact, he has it: "They say that war is sordid and brutalising to the men who fight. It is no such thing. The greatest heights of unselfishness and devotion are brought out in war. . . . War is as ennobling to the combatants as it is demoralising to the onlookers."

General Currie, of Canada, discussed mining. Present was Corporal "Foghorn" Macdonald, a mining expert of distinction. Currie did not like the place in which Seely had put a mine. "Foghorn" intervened: "Look here, old man Currie," he said; "you don't know the first thing about mines. I have forgotten more about them than you will ever know. You may say what you like about the rest, but don't try coming it over me about the mine, just because you are the stud duck in this puddle."

By contrast: "Festubert was the first battle in which my men had taken part. The numbers engaged, though large, were much smaller than at the Somme or Paschendaele. But the fighting was peculiarly desperate, much of it, literally, hand to hand. It is the only place where I have seen a complete parapet, elaborately built up for a hundred yards or more, composed entirely of dead bodies, nearly all Germans. Those who were there will remember this strange parapet, stretching in front of the point K 5."

Here I must end: my space is filled—and I fear that I have suggested but slightly the adventures in "Adventure." I can only add that the book is a personal narrative that is stimulating, stirring, and informing—a very human document by one ever ready to ask: "I suppose you would like us just to blow into the battle and see what we can do?"—"A Man's Mind must be very low, if the Difficulty doth not make a part of his Pleasure!"

E. H. G.

* "Adventure." By Major-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, P.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. With Illustrations from Portraits by Sir William Orpen, R.A., and A. J. Munnings, R.A. An Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., G.C.S.I. (William Heinemann; 21s. net.)

WAR-SHATTERED FRENCH CHURCHES REBUILT: EXAMPLES OF A VAST WORK STILL UNFINISHED.



THE NEW CHURCH AT CLÉRY, ON THE SOMME: A BUILDING (NOT QUITE FINISHED) THAT HAS REPLACED THE ONE DESTROYED IN THE WAR.



BUILT TO REPLACE THAT DESTROYED IN THE WAR: THE NEW CHURCH AT DRIENCOURT, ON THE SOMME.



THE NEW CHURCH AT MONS-EN-CHAUSSEE, ON THE SOMME, REPLACING THAT DESTROYED IN THE WAR: A GENERAL VIEW.



SHOWING THE SCULPTURE OF THE WEST FRONT ON A LARGER SCALE: THE FAÇADE OF THE NEW CHURCH AT MONS-EN-CHAUSSEE.

It was stated a few days ago that the Prefects of French Departments affected by devastation in the war were about to meet in Paris and declare the work of reconstruction officially complete. The completion, however, it has been explained, applies only to the financial side of the organisation set up by the Ministry of Public Works, and not to actual restorations, for there is still a vast amount of work to be done in restoring cathedrals, churches, and other buildings. According

to the statistics recently quoted in the "Times": "During the war, 808 buildings (in France) classified as national monuments suffered damage. By January 1, 1929, 455 of these had been restored. Of the remaining 353, 63 are churches, the restoration of which falls within the province of parochial and other associations or departments and communes. On only about 30 of these 63 has any work been possible at all. . . . The other 290 buildings, chiefly cathedrals, collegiate and other churches, are the charge of the Ministry of Fine Arts." The new churches shown above were all designed by M. Jacques Debat-Ponsan, a Paris architect awarded the Grand Prix de Rome. The sculpture on that at Mons-en-Chaussée is the work of M. Albert Binquet.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

By FRANK DAVIS.

"APOLLO AND MARSYAS": THE EARLIEST KNOWN SCULPTURE BY MICHELANGELO (1475-1564).

THE relief which is the subject of this article is of the highest sentimental and artistic importance, for all authorities are now agreed that it is by the hand of the young Michelangelo when, at the age of fifteen, he became the guest of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence. Before considering the æsthetic appeal of the first immature experiment of the great genius who dominated the art-world of his day, it may be of interest to remark upon the extreme slowness with which the wheels of scholarship have moved in this, as in other problems of a similar character.

This work, as I have said, is now beyond the reach of calumny. Henry Thode, for example, writes: "To-day . . . it appears to me as if every sensitive beholder were bound to recognise in it the spirit and hand of the master." Yet, until quite recent years, the only savant to publish a favourable opinion upon it was Dr. Wilhelm von Bode. This was in 1891. Other authorities (K. Frey, Carl Justi, Fritz Knapp, Henry Thode), judging, it is true, from the photograph only, either damned it with faint praise, or turned it down as insignificant. The present complete agreement with von Bode's judgment is a striking tribute to that distinguished scholar's knowledge and insight. More than one collector who happens to own a work of outstanding merit which is, nevertheless, the subject of divided opinions, will be encouraged by the experience of the owner of this relief to possess his soul in patience and allow the passage of years to perform the office of converting detractors.

The following short account is based upon a critical examination by Hans Mackowsky, whose study of Michelangelo problems is better known on the Continent than it is in England. The grandfather of the present owner, Baron R. Von Liphart, saw this small marble relief—it is only 40 cm. high and 30 cm. wide—let into the wall of a palace on the Lung'arno delle Grazie at Florence. With astonishing acumen he at once declared it was by no other than the young Michelangelo, and, moreover, carved by him at the very commencement of his career.

Now, one of the most treasured of the possessions of the Medici family was an antique cornelian, "about the size of a nut in its shell," supposed to have belonged to the Emperor Nero, and to have been carved by Polycletes himself. This gem disappeared when Piero fled from Florence in 1494, but it was evidently an object of great admiration, because a considerable number of reproductions and adaptations survive. Three of these, small bronze plaques from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, are shown for purposes of comparison.

The subject is the contest between Apollo and Marsyas.

It will be remembered that Marsyas challenged Apollo to a musical contest. The Muses declared Apollo the victor, whereupon the god, to punish Marsyas for his temerity, tied him to a tree and skinned him alive. (As I think Dean Inge has remarked, apropos of quite other circumstances, the Greeks of classical times were no gentlemen.) What more natural for the young Michelangelo than to try



FOR COMPARISON WITH MICHELANGELO'S RELIEF: THREE SMALL BRONZE PLAQUES (ACTUAL SIZE) REPRESENTING THE SAME LEGEND COPIED FROM AN ANTIQUE CORNELIAN SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO NERO, AND AFTERWARDS TREASURED BY THE MEDICI FAMILY AT FLORENCE, WHICH MAY HAVE SUGGESTED THE SUBJECT TO MICHELANGELO.

From the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin.



MICHELANGELO'S FIRST WORK IN SCULPTURE, AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN: "APOLLO AND MARSYAS," A MARBLE RELIEF MADE WHEN HE WAS THE GUEST OF LORENZO DE MEDICI AT FLORENCE, AND FORMERLY ON A PALACE WALL IN THAT CITY. (40 CM. HIGH BY 30 CM. WIDE.)

Now that the condition of Michelangelo's famous frescoes in the Vatican is causing concern (as noted, with illustrations, in our last issue) special interest belongs to this little marble relief (described in the accompanying article) which was the great Italian master's earliest effort in sculpture. Greek legend tells that Marsyas, a Phrygian satyr, found the flute which Athene had thrown away because it distorted her features, and challenged Apollo (whose instrument was the lyre) to a musical contest, on condition that the victor should do what he pleased with the vanquished. The Muses decided in favour of Apollo, who tied Marsyas to a tree and flayed him alive.

The Property of Baron R. Von Liphart.

his hand at this subject, and to use for the purpose a piece of marble from the garden of San Marco at a time when building material was lying about in preparation for the erection of the library?

Technique alone, apart from other considerations, is, in the opinion of Mackowsky, sufficient to establish the authorship. The chisel-marks are parallel and "almost the entire surface of the stone is covered with a network of fine furrows such as are produced by a toothed chisel. That is Michelangelo's technique, his unique and unmistakable handwriting." There is also the treatment of the hair, where the sculptor makes no attempt to imitate Nature, but merely models an almost flat surface—another peculiarity of Michelangelo, and of Michelangelo alone.

But to the sensitive eye there is more in this unpretentious marble than the strokes of a chisel: there are the beginnings of that monumental dramatic power which made Michelangelo tower above his contemporaries and successors. The details are faulty (for example, Apollo's right arm and right leg); but the young sculptor has seized upon the ancient myth and endowed it with the force and vigour of profound allegory.

Here is no academic reconstruction of a coldly classical theme, but divine youth triumphant, while age, bound upon the tree of circumstance, looks back upon the wasted years. The god, with a supremely graceful gesture, looks over his right shoulder at the vanquished Marsyas. The latter, his arms tied behind him, seems to suffer something a thousand times worse than the fear of punishment, so eloquent are his features. It is as if the shame of defeat had broken his spirit; his tragedy is already complete.

A NOTABLE EVENT
IN THE ART WORLD:
THE VIEWEG
DISPERSAL.

SOME OLD MASTERS
ABOUT TO CHANGE
HANDS IN
BERLIN.



BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIA (1435-1525): A CRESCENT-SHAPED RELIEF (IN WHITE GLAZE ON A BLUE GROUND) REPRESENTING THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, HOLDING IN HIS RIGHT HAND A SWORD, AND IN HIS LEFT THE SCALES, IN WHICH HE IS WEIGHING SOULS FOR JUDGMENT—HIS BREAST-PLATE ORNAMENTED WITH AN ANGEL'S HEAD AND ON HIS RIGHT SHOULDER THE HEAD OF A LION.



BY JACOB RUYSDAEL (1628-1682): "THE BLEACHING GROUND AT HAARLEM," SHOWING (IN BACKGROUND) THE TOWN WITH THE CHURCH OF ST. BAVO.

WE reproduce here some of the most notable works by Old Masters from the beautifully illustrated catalogue of the Vieweg Collection, which is to be sold by auction in Berlin, by Messrs. Rudolph Lepke, on March 18. Besides pictures, it contains sculptures, textiles, furniture, glass, porcelain, majolica, faience, and metal-work. The collection will be on view beforehand from March 13 to 15. In the catalogue we read: "It is not quite accurate to call the collection Vieweg; it should be named Campe-Vieweg, as most of the pictures come from the Campe family, which was prominent in the second half of the eighteenth century. Heinrich Wilhelm Campe was an enthusiastic collector of pictures, and lived in Leipzig. One of his sons-in-law was Edward Vieweg, and his grandson, Heinrich Vieweg, took over most of the collection. Heinrich Vieweg was lucky enough to meet Dr. Bode, then in the early thirties. Dr. Bode maintained his friendship with Vieweg (who was the publisher of his first book, 'Studies of Netherland Painting,' in 1883) and helped him with his numerous purchases. Undoubtedly the examples of Ruysdael, Jan Steen, Van Dyck, Teniers, Della Robbia, and Zoppo were bought under Dr. Bode's advice."



BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679): "THREE CHILDREN WITH A CAT"—A PICTURE FORMERLY BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE ARTIST'S OWN CHILDREN.



BY JAN VAN SCOREL (UTRECHT, 1495-1562): "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD RESTING ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT," SHOWING (RIGHT) ST. JOSEPH AND THE ASS.

BY A
BRUSSELS
ARTIST OF
ABOUT
1470-80: A
"STILL-LIFE"
PAINTING
OF A
CURTAINED
NICHE
CONTAINING
A BOOKSHELF,
A METAL
BASIN AND
JUG, AND A
TOWEL-RACK.



SAVING LABOUR IN THE MODERN KITCHEN.



A FAMILY COOKER IN A MINIMUM SPACE: THIS COMPACT "MAGNET MINOR" ELECTRIC COOKER HAS A GOOD GRILLER, OVEN, AND HOT PLATE.



A COMPLETE KITCHEN IN A CUPBOARD: THE "EASIWORK" CABINET, WITH FITTED SPACES FOR CHINA, GROCERY, SAUCEPANS, BREAD, LINEN, AND CUTLERY, ETC.



BEATING EGGS BY ELECTRICITY: THE "MAGNET" BEATER AND DRINK-MIXER, WHICH WHIRLS AND MIXES FASTER THAN THE HUMAN HAND.

THE "owner-cook" is now as efficient as the owner-driver. The modern woman who runs a small flat alone, finds time to interest herself in current affairs, to drive a car, and to cook for a family as well. She is no longer a "haus frau" with her horizon limited to the four walls of a gloomy kitchen. The change is due entirely to the wonderful labour-saving devices, and new methods of cooking now at her command. Ancient sooty ranges, always greedy for coal and needing constant cleaning, have given place to compact cookers run by gas or electricity. Illustrated on this page are two perfectly equipped modern kitchens, one using electricity, and the other, gas.

[Continued opposite.



THE USEFUL SHELF-TABLE IN THE "EASIWORK" CABINET SHOWN ABOVE: IT IS FITTED WITH A SIDE BRACKET FOR HOLDING A MINCING MACHINE; THE FLOUR BIN IN THE CENTRE HOLDS 14 LBS., AND HAS A ROTARY SIFTER THAT PULLS OUT FOR RE-FILLING.

[Continued.]

For the many converted flats whose "kitchen" was merely the former pantry, the wonderful cabinet in the centre is ideal. It is a complete kitchen and store-cupboard in itself, holding cutlery, china, grocery, and an extending porcelain table which needs no scrubbing.

The drawers and shelves are fitted for their specific contents. Some have glass food-containers with aluminium screw lids; another keeps eggs, each one held upright, so that they cannot break; and drawers for bread and cakes are metal lined.

The electric egg-beater (above, on the right) is ingenious and useful, while, for a small family, the small electric cooking-stove, which roasts, boils, and grills, and will fit on to a shelf, is ideal.



AN ELECTRICALLY-EQUIPPED KITCHEN: THESE "XCEL" COOKING-RANGES AND KETTLES ARE SIMPLE TO USE AND GIVE PERFECT RESULTS. CORNERS ARE ROUNDED TO FACILITATE CLEANING, AND ADJUSTABLE BOILING PLATES ARE TOTALLY ENCLOSED.



COOKING BY GAS: ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS IN GAS COOKING-STOVES, FITTED IN A TILED RECESS WITH A COKE BOILER. THE GAS STOVE FULFILS ECONOMICALLY ALL THE REQUIREMENTS OF A LARGE HOUSEHOLD, AND CAN BE FITTED ANYWHERE.

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MOMENTS OF MISERY — THE AIR LINER.

The Noise

The Still Worse Noise

The TERRIFIC NOISE

The ——— Sudden

BUMP

upwards

The Somewhat Uneasy Swallowing?

The ——— Sudden

BUMP

downwards

The Decidedly Uneasy Swallow(?)ing

The All Pervading NOISE

The Gent with the Pale Yellow Face

The Lady with the Pale Cream Face

THE NOISE

and,

Worst of All,

NO ABDULLAS!

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

MORE "TRUTH" ABOUT WAGNER.

ADMIRERS of Richard Wagner have, in the past, been divisible into three classes: (1) those who think that art has nothing to do with life, and who therefore do not evince the slightest surprise or think it of the least importance if they learn that as a man the composer was actually as Frau Herwegh described him—"this pocket edition of a man, this folio of vanity, heartlessness, and egoism"; (2) those who think, as Mr. William Wallace, that as a composer Wagner was the greatest who ever lived, but that as a man he was one of the most contemptible, and find no essential contradiction in this antithesis; and (3) those who, while recognising his talent, perceive the same defects in his music that appear in his character.

A new book has just been published entitled "The Truth about Wagner." The advertisement of its contents printed upon the jacket says: "In this book is presented for the first time an authentic portrait of Richard Wagner. Hitherto the facts of the great composer's life have been glozed over and clothed with glamour by his ardent hero-worshippers of Bayreuth, but the discovery of his suppressed Autobiography, and a number of letters to the deserted wife of his youth, has enabled the authors (Philip Dutton Hurn and Waverley Lewis Root) to reconstruct the actual man—egoist, lover, and musician."

This claims far too much, for, although the book claims to be based upon new evidence that has come to light in a collection of Wagneriana entitled the Burrell Collection, it is not a good book, and is written in a style more familiar in Sunday journalism than in serious critical biographical studies. In my opinion, Mr. Ernest Newman's new edition of his "Wagner as Man and Artist," published in 1926, is an incomparably better book, and I have failed to find any new light on Wagner from Messrs. Hurn and Root's "The Truth about Wagner." Indeed, their book, in its apostrophic style, is more suitable to a public that wants entertaining rather than instructing, and the serious student of Wagner will find himself hunting for a few grains of new facts among innumerable flowers of rhetoric. A typical example of the authors' methods is to be found in Chapter II.

All students of Wagner know that there has been a controversy, still unsettled, as to whether Wagner

was the son of Ludwig Geyer—who married Wagner's mother in 1814 (Wagner having been born in 1813), nine months after Friedrich Wagner's death—or the son of Fr. Wagner. Nietzsche declared that the opening words of the original manuscript of "Mein Leben" were: "I am the son of Ludwig Geyer"; but the official edition first published in 1911 begins with the statement: "I was born in Leipzig on the 22nd May, 1813, in a room on the second floor of the Red and White Lion, and two days later was baptised at St. Thomas's Church, and christened William Richard." Only in the second paragraph is there a reference to his paternity, when he says: "My father, Friedrich Wagner, was at the time of my birth a clerk in the police service at Leipzig. . . ."

Now, this is not quite the same as Messrs. Hurn and Root's declaration that the official edition "began with the statement that Richard Wagner was the son of Friedrich Wagner." If Wagner were secretly illegitimate, it would be natural that he should be registered as the son of Friedrich Wagner, and that he should refer to Friedrich Wagner as his father; this is different from beginning his autobiography with the categorical statement: "I am the son of Friedrich Wagner."

But there were fifteen privately printed copies of Wagner's Autobiography made during Wagner's lifetime, immediately after it was written, to be circulated among a few friends: "all of which," say Messrs. Hurn and Root, "have disappeared except the single one in the Burrell Collection." Now, it is from the Burrell Collection that Messrs. Hurn and Root have got the material for their book, "The Truth about Wagner," and naturally we should expect them to tell us exactly what are the opening words of the privately printed Autobiography of which the only known copy (outside Wahnfried) has now turned up in the Burrell Collection. But, instead of a clear, definite statement on this simple matter, this is what we get: "The answer is still partly unknown." (I like *partly*! It is a perfect example of journalese, this "partly.") "A careful line-by-line comparison of 'My Life' with the authorised version of 1911 must be made before the variations can be listed; but a cursory inspection of the original gives the impression that the authorised version is only slightly altered."

I cannot imagine a vaguer and more baffling statement. Surely even a cursory inspection should suffice to show whether the opening lines are "I am the son of Ludwig Geyer" or not, especially when

one knows beforehand exactly what to look for. Later on, the authors of "The Truth about Wagner" write as if they assumed that only the manuscript had this statement of Wagner's that Ludwig Geyer was his father, and that Cosima Wagner contrived to get this deleted from the fifteen privately printed copies. But it is difficult to disentangle the new facts from "The Truth about Wagner," because it is not a scholarly production addressed to an audience already familiar with Wagner's life, but a more popular kind of book addressed to an audience that likes to read "personalities" and brightly written accounts of the private lives of notable men.

A critical study of Wagner as a man and as an artist with a twentieth-century freedom from prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and with the additional psychological information which the labours of Freud, Jung, and other investigators have supplied, still remains to be written. Wagner is an interesting subject, because he was extremely talented, and it would be very useful to have a detached study of his behaviour. In order to do this scientifically, his early environment would have to be studied in great detail. It is certain that much of Wagner's behaviour was conditioned by circumstances, and that in different circumstances he might have behaved in such a way as to make all those who at present denounce him as a heartless scoundrel and a vain, egotistic liar, find in him a saint and an honest man. Human character is complex and not to be easily pigeon-holed or catalogued; it needs great penetration and wisdom to discern what is really valuable and what is really pernicious in a human being.

One is on safer ground when one seeks to find the man in his work, for his work is evidence that cannot be falsified—although it, too, may be misinterpreted. For my part, I have long felt a dislike for Wagner's music. I see all its remarkable qualities, but they don't please me, and what once seemed so showy and effective sounds to me now hollow and empty. Perhaps one is asking too much: perhaps, after a reaction against the overpraising and overestimation of Wagner current for the last fifty years, we shall see a time when we shall calmly enjoy some of Wagner as we enjoy the novels of Harrison Ainsworth or Jules Verne, simply and unpretentiously. Perhaps then the escapades of Wagner the man will just amuse, for we shall see they are merely the naughtiness of a child that never grew up.

W. J. TURNER.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXVIII.

BY COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

THE interest that has been taken in my recent allusions to barge-yachts has proved remarkable; yet these vessels have existed for many years. Those with no wish to become yachtsmen in the accepted sense, and who have no desire to own an ordinary yacht, have shown their interest by many letters. They are attracted by the prospect (especially the older ones) of spending their leisure afloat, in the same comfort as that obtainable ashore when touring. In practice, "barge touring" is more comfortable than any other form in these days of overcrowding, for it entails less responsibility, danger, or expert knowledge than a run in a motor-car.

My remarks on barge-yachts were primarily for those with some slight knowledge of ships, so many points were omitted on which several novices want information. It is necessary, therefore, to mention that the masts of the barge described on Jan. 31 are lowered almost flat on deck by means of the windlass when passing under bridges, and that the operation can be effected easily by two persons. Only one person in addition to the helmsman is normally required to handle the vessel under sail, as the rig has been evolved with that object in view. Even in a strong wind at sea, these vessels do not heel over very much when sailing, and, though they are slow under engine power, large ones have been known to attain 13 knots under sail.

The paid hand question seems to trouble the novices considerably, especially the wages of £3 per week. It need not do so, however, for, except when elderly folk form the party, there is no real necessity to carry any paid hands permanently, for the average man can pick up sufficient knowledge in the course

of a month's instructional cruise to permit him to venture forth alone. Barges are not difficult to handle moderately well, but it requires long experience to get the very best out of them when under sail. It is best, therefore, when choosing a paid hand as instructor, to obtain a bargee who has turned yachtsman rather than one of the ordinary type of yachting hand. I admit a great affection for bargees, who, as a general rule, are hardworking,

he ought to be almost a "jack-of-all-trades." For example, he should have some knowledge of engines and electricity, and be sufficiently domesticated to know how to be the friend of his owner and yet remain his trusted servant. This sounds a tall order, but such men can be produced if the yachting fraternity as a whole take the necessary steps. If only they would do so, everyone would be a gainer, and many would become yachtsmen, who, under existing conditions, are choked off by paid hand autocrats.

I appeal to the yacht clubs to take this matter up, not separately, but collectively. If they did so, they would confer a boon on many owners who can only afford one hand, and would increase their membership at the same time. A common register would be a good thing to start with. It would contain confidential reports on each man, copies of which would be held by every club secretary. By this means the undesirables would be weeded out, and only the best type retained. Instruction might be given in engines and electricity, and general domestic work, on the same lines as those existing in the Naval Barracks.

A Scout patron writes to me suggesting the employment of Boy Scouts in yachts. Sea Scouts have been used, of course, and have often been found most useful, whilst the newly-formed Deep Sea Scouts are all trained seamen, and are an asset to any vessel. The Scout Code is exactly what is wanted amongst yacht-

crews, and the more it is encouraged, the fewer will be the complaints heard about paid hands generally. A crew of Deep Sea Scouts should mean a happy ship, that is automatically efficient also. Perhaps, therefore, something might be done by the clubs as a whole to encourage the Sea Scout movement by requesting their members to employ men who are Scouts in preference to those who are not.



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efficient men, and, if properly handled, they become loyal friends. They have not been spoilt, in other words, by ignorant owners and lax discipline.

Nothing deteriorates faster than a badly-cared-for ship, and this applies to all classes of seamen also, especially yachting hands; yet little is done "to improve the breed" of the latter. A paid hand in a small yacht to-day must be more than a seaman;



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At the time of writing no vital alterations have been secured by the critics of the Road Traffic Bill that will shortly be discussed in the House of Commons after its final stages in the House of Lords. At the same time, Earl Howe, as the spokesman for the R.A.C., the A.A., the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the Motor Legislation Committee, has persuaded the House of Lords to approve of several excellent amendments. For instance, four months' imprisonment is now substituted for three months' maximum punishment in the dangerous or reckless driving clause in the Bill, in order that the person charged may be tried by jury, which was not allowable on a three months' possible sentence.

I feel very vague about the amendment approving that insurers be liable for hospital expenses up to a sum of £25 per patient. Compulsory third-party insurance is an excellent step in the right direction. But why bring the hospital allowance down to £25? When a motorist insures under the present voluntary system against third-party risks, the insurance corporations pay all expenses of doctors and damages incurred, should the insurer unfortunately hurt anybody, and the hospitals can at present add their bill to the claim if they choose to. Why they do not claim at the present time appears strange to most people, and a maximum of £25 per patient seems rather paltry in cases of long illness or, if necessary, severe operations.

New Standard: The 1930 series of cars available to the motoring public has produced in many cases some excellent improvements on last season's models. A

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

notable instance is the new Standard carriages built by the Standard Motor Company, Ltd., of Coventry. All motor-making firms have their vintage years, if one may use such an expression for cars. This year is certainly a "vintage" year for this make, as both the small 9-h.p. cars, carrying a £10 annual tax, and the 15-h.p. six-cylinder carriages, taxed at £16, are exceptionally good value at their present prices. The designer of these Standard models has eradicated the faults of the previous types, and added new virtues that will be highly approved by those who drive and are driven in the vehicles. Moreover, one can buy either 9-h.p. or 15-h.p. Standards with long or short wheel-bases, so that it is now possible for a purchaser to make a selection most suitable to his or her requirements either in style and space or coachwork.

The most expensive of the 9-h.p. series—the fabric saloon *de luxe* at £250—is really a very cheap motor-car, and is on the "long" chassis. The "short" saloon at £185 will please those who do not wish to spend more, but aim at getting their full money's worth. Both are excellent road carriages, attaining an easy fifty miles an hour, and do not make a fuss about getting it. Both these and the six-cylinder Standard cars have side-by-side valve engines which keep

in tune, giving out full power with a minimum of trouble to the owner.

Four-Speed Standard "Six." While the 9-h.p. Standard cars have a three-speed gear-box, the six-cylinder 15-h.p. cars have four forward speed-ratios. Consequently, one can travel comfortably in a very hilly district, making a high average road mileage pace per hour, on these new six-cylinder Standard cars. The "Sport" six-cylinder chassis saloon costs £325, and is very comfortable to ride in. So also is the "long" chassis prototype at £340, while the special fabric saloon at £365 is well worth the extra £25 asked for it. All have excellent suspension, light steering, and pedal controls, with positive brakes that halt the cars quickly at speed without any sign of swerve or alteration of the line of direction.

These six-cylinder Standard cars will strongly appeal to lady drivers, owing to the little effort required to handle them. I do not suggest that they should thrash them at sixty miles an hour all day and at every opportunity because this speed is attainable, but the drivers need seldom change gear for ordinary traffic running in town, and can accelerate on top to forty miles an hour in a few seconds. Motoring in Great Britain retains a great deal of its charm because it is seldom that the same rate of road speed can be maintained unaltered for a long period. Of course, one could crawl about all day at five to ten miles an hour, but such driving is seldom wanted or seen. But on the six-cylinder 15-h.p.

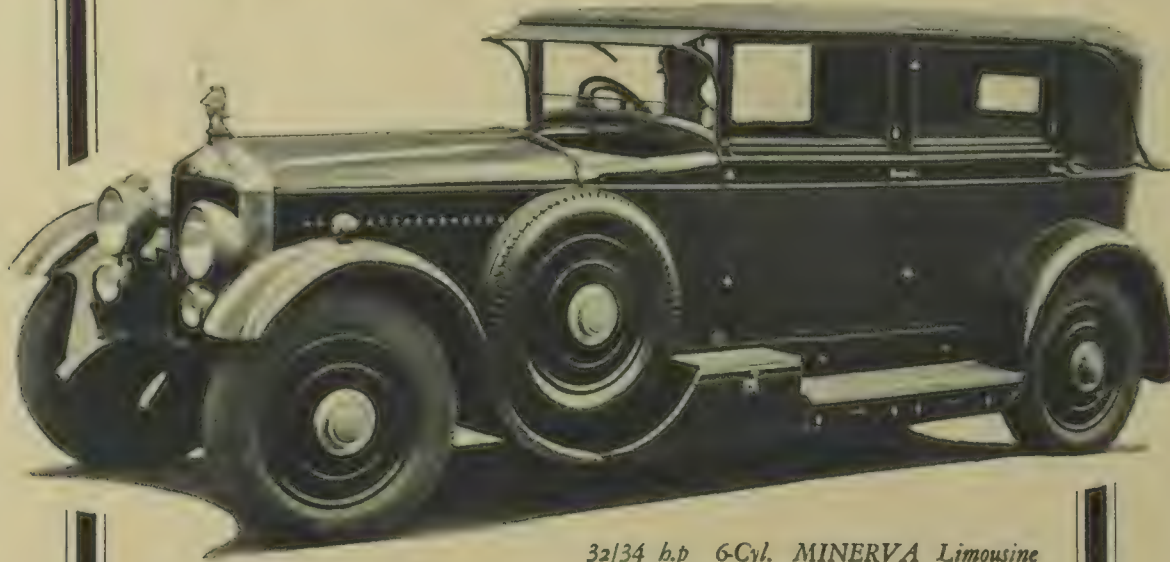
Standard the engine is nice and flexible, besides running without noise or vibration, so that at one moment one is flying along the open and clear-from-traffic highway at high speed, until the arterial road is left to branch off into one of those curling, twisting rural lanes whose hedges hide the hazards, if any, that lie before the driver. Consequently, one drops the pace, to accelerate again when opportunity arises.

Sports Cars More Popular.

To the motorists who love gear-changing in order to get the full measure of power from a willing engine, I recommend the Riley "sports" cars. I am glad to see that there has arisen a distinct generation out of the present motoring public who love driving cars for driving's sake. They are not all very young in years, either, as some folk are apt to imagine, for several of my middle-aged friends with grown-up families like the pastime of handling cars that "zip" and "zoom" to their touch of the accelerator-pedal. The Riley (Coventry), Ltd., factory has hard work to supply all the demands made upon it for its excellent sporting cars. This year's Riley "Nine" is better than last season's model, which most of us thought was difficult to improve upon. Of course, every car has its minor troubles at times, but I believe none of the Riley's now exist, and the demand for the second-hand Rileys is my best evidence in support of this view. Sports cars are increasing in popularity as our roads are improved. Also, owners who have four-seaters do not want five in the car except on short trips. The Monaco saloon at £298 and the special at £325 are favourite Riley types, swift, and comfortable for four people, and chiefly owned by drivers who like "close-coupled" saloons, so that they and their passengers sit well between the axles. This gives excellent comfort on the pneumatic cushions when travelling at the high speeds these little cars can attain. Unfortunately, I have not yet had an opportunity of trying one of this year's 14-h.p. six-cylinder Riley cars, but I hope to in the near future. The Stelvio saloon, costing £465, and the Sportsman's coupé, at £495, looked to me particularly inviting propositions. They claim descent from the popular 9-h.p., which has proved itself as the 1100-c.c. class champion of Great Britain in actual international competitions against supercharged rivals. This pedigree should be good enough to recommend the 1631-c.c. Riley "Six" to the motoring public.

(Continued overleaf.)

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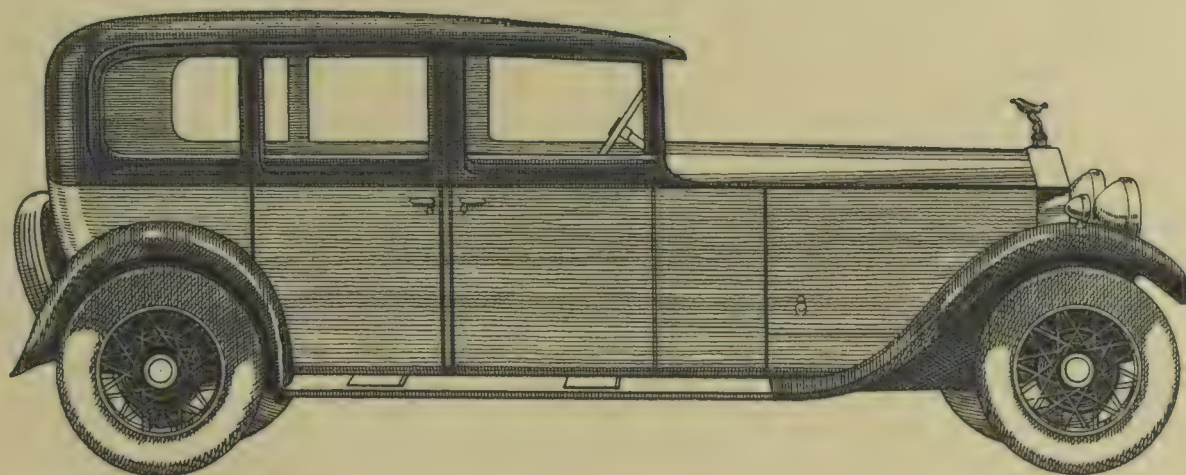
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(Continued.)

Proposed New French Tariff.

With so much speculation as to the intentions of the British Government in regard to the present import duties on motors, it is interesting to note that the French Government is proposing to replace the present 45 per cent. *ad valorem* duties by specific duties on motors and their parts. As both Ford and Chevrolet cars are assembled in France, these makers will be the worst sufferers under the suggested new tariff. At present a Ford "Model A" engine now pays 869 francs duty, but this would be increased to 2886 francs under the new scale—roughly £16 added to the present import tax of £6.195. A Chevrolet cylinder-block will be increased from 169 francs to 513 francs, and the duty on a complete set of Ford or Chevrolet lorry parts will increase from 4150 francs to 8300 francs. A Buick cylinder-block will pay 450 francs in place of the present duty of 240 francs. On general lines, the proposed new French scale will increase three times the present duty on a complete motor-car engine, and on complete cars an average of 90 per cent. of their imported value.

THE STRANGEST SAILING-RACE IN THE WORLD.

(Continued from page 236.)

Toretore next day. There has been no strict regulation of the race, but only a vague test of speed, and if any *lakatoi* has been badly left behind, now is the opportunity to doctor it with new medicine.

After two or three days of racing the *lakatoi* are loaded with the thousands of clay pots which the Motu women have fashioned—and wonderful examples of manual skill they are, truly rounded and smooth. The interiors of the *lakatoi* are now crammed with pots, packed tightly with banana-leaf against breakage, and on the morrow the expedition is due to start.

At 6.30 a.m., on October 22, 1929, eight *lakatoi* were sailing slowly—for the wind was not yet up—but very majestically across the broad expanse of Port Moresby harbour. From the *lakatoi* could be heard the drumming of the bamboo *sede* and the cheers of the sailors; from the village the loud wailing that native women always make when their men-folk sail on the *Hiri*. Many people watch the fleet out of sight from the hill-tops and return at evening with news of which *lakatoi* were making the best progress. All hopes are centred upon a quick and safe journey, but the return of the fleet is not expected now for two months at the least. The time of waiting is measured by the wives of *badi-taudia* and *doritaudia*—a new knot in the string for each day, an additional mark and a small feast for

every tenth day. After fifty days there is a bigger feast; and then the villagers will be on the look-out; at seventy or eighty the expedition should be home; at one hundred there would have been despair in earlier times, but now there are the power-boats of the white man to run out to the rescue.

There is talk among some of the progressives about purchasing a village power-boat to run continuously to the west, and so make the *Hiri* no longer a necessity; as it is, two of the *lakatoi* that sailed on this occasion had only square white sails. But will the native really gain if combustible oil and canvas ever displace the tall brown "crab's-claw" of the *lakatoi*?

THE WORLD'S FEVER.

(Continued from page 260.)

of contradictory demands, each person being entirely convinced that what he wants is possible, just, and reasonable. The Governments have become the organs no longer of the *élite* alone, but of the whole of humanity.

In one part of Europe they thought that they would escape from that exhausting tension of political forces by giving a coherent organisation to universal suffrage. If universal suffrage has been everywhere recognised as the legitimate mandate of power, the people have the right to vote as they will only in a part of Europe: in another part they must vote as wills the power which confiscates for its own advantage their right of choice. It was imagined that they could thus withdraw the State from the giddy whirlpool of contradictory aspirations; but it is an illusion. The obsession of the masses is nowhere stronger than in the State which has wrested from them the right of manifesting their confused aspirations. These aspirations become an even more obscure enigma than in the free countries: for Power hesitates, fearing to displease, not knowing how to guess their wishes, contradicts itself, exaggerates now in one sense and now in the opposite one.

The fever of the modern world, of which Paris gives such a living example in its streets, is due, therefore, to a general effort to increase production and consumption which was let loose by the war. That effort, like all those efforts of the same kind which have succeeded each other for the past century, has produced a certain moral perturbation in all countries. Literature, like party politics, the arts, like the industries, are working to-day for more numerous but more confused crowds, and they must make a great effort to satisfy them. It is necessary that these confused crowds should organise themselves in homogeneous groups; each must acquire a clearer conception of what they are demanding either from the State, God, or from other men, from their own genius, or from their work.

This is one of the tasks from which our epoch cannot escape. The responsibility of the intellectual classes, especially, will be very great. Wars and revolutions may shake our planet, cover it in ruins, destroy the patient

work of generations, give men the illusion that they must begin all over again. But social and individual life will always circulate round certain principles whose number is increased from time to time by the creative effort of succeeding generations, but which do not greatly vary. The matter to which they are applied changes; it may be more or less rich, varied, ductile, resisting, but the principles do not change.

Epochs of perturbation require minds capable of leading men back to eternal principles. Such tasks ought to belong to religion, literature, and philosophy, and, to a certain extent, also to art. But the task is not an easy one, for it exacts much patience and a certain spirit of sacrifice. Fever easily gives hallucinations: our epoch, which is suffering from fever, has had, and will continue to have, hallucinations under various forms. There are, or there will be, false *chefs d'œuvre* in art and absurd revolutions in politics, obligatory promiscuity between sublime truths and most absurd errors, levelling of exceptional greatness with current mediocracy, the triumphs of shams over the radiance of pure metal. Superior minds will help the world to cure itself of its fever, in so far as they are able to prevent themselves from being irritated by these hallucinations, and to resist the temptation, which is still more difficult, to exploit them for their own benefit.

The task of Sisyphus, at which Europe has been labouring now for a century, the submitting to an intellectual and moral discipline the confused and ever-growing crowds by which all domains of human activity are invaded, is about to begin again on an ever-increasing scale. This time it will impose new methods and processes on the intellectual efforts of our day. Have I already observed certain signs of the beginning of a change in the fever which has attacked Paris? I do not know. But certain recollections of the past have returned to my memory, excited by the contrast they afford to what I observe around me. I knew a Paris wherein religion, as in politics, art and literature, doctrines and schools of thought, had a stabilised front. In the trenches the combatants only endeavoured to see how they might best exchange shots.

This time a certain softness has seemed to me to extend all along the front. They continue to fight, but they also talk from one trench to another. If I am not a victim of an illusion, I seem this time to find intelligences less captivated by absolute thought than formerly, more anxious to come into contact with different opinions; that is to say, with supposed errors. At the same time I seem to observe a spirit of initiative and of novelty which is increased by the multitudinous attempts to sound the future. Might it be the adaptation of the world to the new condition which is beginning in the intellectual domain? For three centuries Paris has been one of the great homes of the thought of the world. It has kept that privileged position throughout the most radical revolutions, because the French mind has known how to follow the evolutions and transformations of the human mind. We shall not be surprised if this continues.



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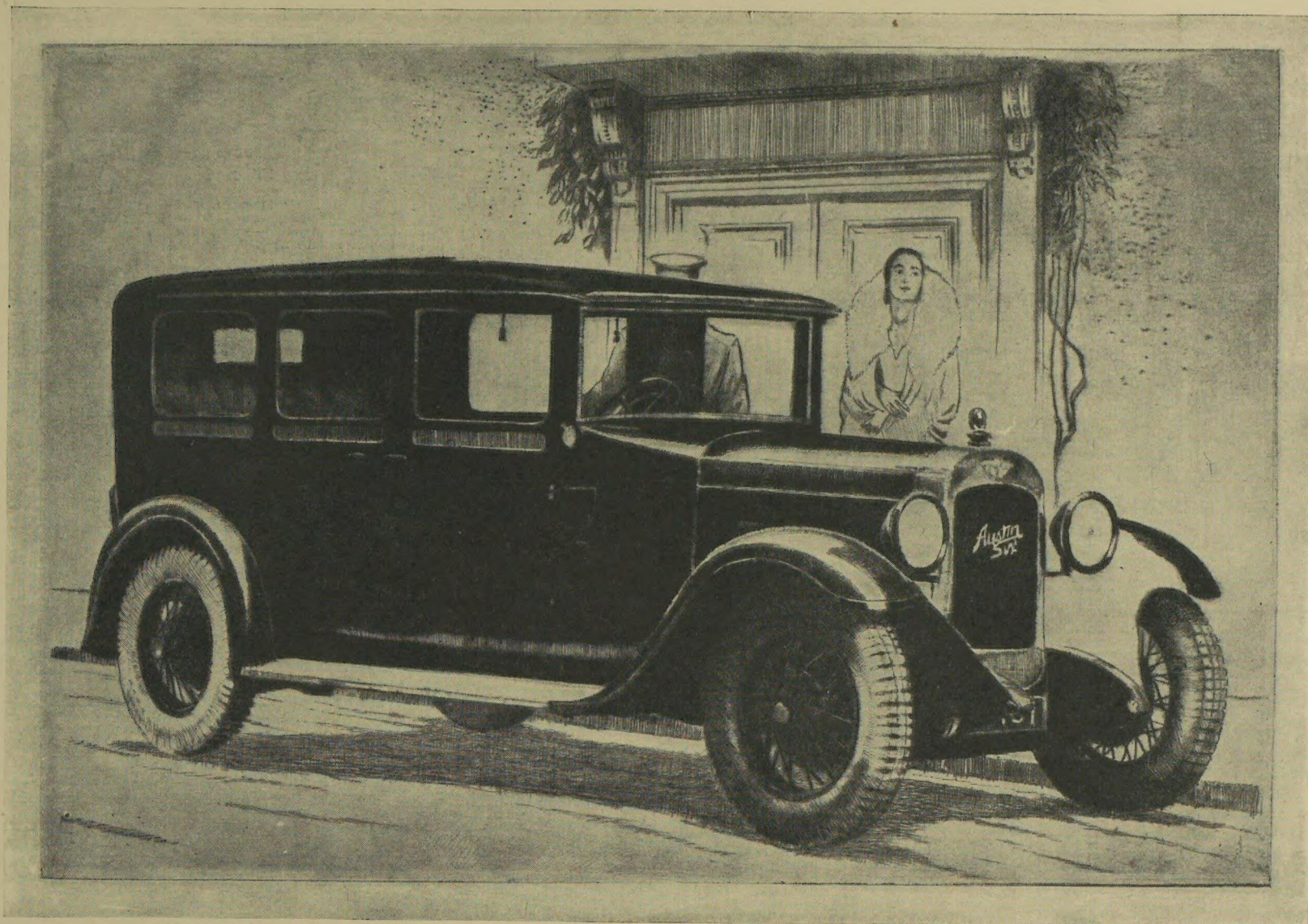
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AN "EPOCHAL DISCOVERY" IN PERU.

(Continued from Page 248.)

design served as a calendar showing days, months, and the four seasons. But at every turn, when studying the Parakas material, one is face to face with unsolved mysteries. Why, in a hot desert country, did a race require heavy woollen garments that would have been ample protection in regions of eternal snow?

All mummies so far found have been those of chiefs, priests, nobles, or kings, and their women. Not a single mummy has been unwrapped that was the body of a poor person or a peasant, and not a single child's body has been found. Was the population so enormous that hundreds of chiefs, priests, and nobles were required? Where is the immense quantity of plain and ceremonial pottery that these people must have possessed? And where are the ruins of their homes, their palaces, their temples, and their cities?

There is but one answer to these questions: that what so far has been found is merely one small group of burials devoted to the most eminent members of the ancient community, and that somewhere—not far distant—will be found remains that will solve all these puzzles. That they were a large race is

evident from their mummies, for many of the men whose bodies have been unwrapped stood over six feet in height, while some of the women were nearly as tall. Their heads—as was customary among prehistoric races of Peru—were artificially deformed—high, narrow, and elongated, though with great brain capacity. In many features there is a striking resemblance between the Parakas culture and that of the mysterious Chavins of Northern Peru, and one may have been an offshoot of the other.

CHESS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4062.—BY RUDOLF L'HERMET (SCHÜNEBECK).

[8; 2b4b; 1p6; 8; 2ppp2p; B4Q1r; k3PR1P; 1RK5; in two moves.]

Keymove: BKt4 [Ba3—b4].

If 1. — P×Q, 2. PK4; if 1. — R×Q, 2. P×R; if 1. PQ6, 2. P×P; if 1. — BB5ch, 2. PK3; if 1. — PK6, 2. QR8; if 1. — PQB6, 2. QB7; and if 1. — BKt6, 2. QQR3.

Herr L'Hermet has cleverly contrived to reset Wainwright's theme without White Knights. The tries Bk7 or Bb8 are defeated by BQ3! We give in Forsyth the original problem by J. C. J. Wainwright, for those of our readers who wish to compare the two works:

1S5r; 7b; 8; 8; 2ppp2p; B4Q1r; k3PR1P; 1RK5; in two moves.

THE KING COMES OUT.

It is seldom indeed that one sees Rubinstein as the anvil in a "brilliance," but, at Rogasta-Slatina, Takacs made the sparks fly to some tune. The game was awarded the Brillancy Prize, and a glance at the position at Move No. 14 will show cause.

(English Opening.)

1. PQB4 KtKB3
2. KtKB3 PB4
3. KtB3 PQ4
4. P×P Kt×P
5. PK4!

Giving the game a Sicilian tinge.

5. BB4! KtKt5

This is a strong move, and Rubinstein would have been better advised to play 6. — Pk3, than to root out the King.

6. KtQ6ch Kt×Bch

7. KK2 Kt×Bch

8. R×Kt PQR3

White cannot castle, but he has a much superior development. Black should play here KtB3, against PQ4.

9. PQ4 P×P

10. Q×P Q×Q

11. Kt×Q PK3

He must keep the Knight away from Q5. If 11. — PQKt4, White would sacrifice a Knight, much as in the actual game.

12. KtR4 KtQ2
13. KRQ1 PQKt4
14. Kt×KP!

This is where Rubinstein began to get a headache. If he moves his Rook, 15. BKt3 wins, therefore

14. B×KP BP×Kt
15. B×KP P×Kt

Having a lost Pawn-ending, he may as well take the piece and stand the racket.

16. R×Bch! R×R
17. B×Ktch KQ1
18. BKt4ch BQ3

If the King goes to B2, then RBch is decisive.

19. B×R KK2

20. B×P and wins.

We should like to say that Rubinstein resigned here, but he had an hour to spare, apparently. There is nothing shallow or cheap about this game, upon which Takacs is to be heartily congratulated.

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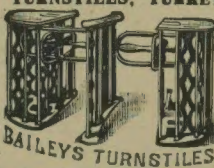
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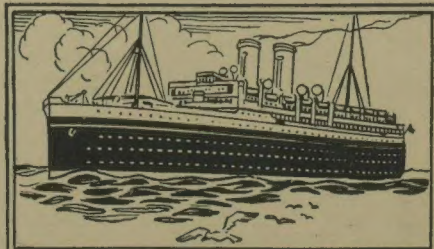
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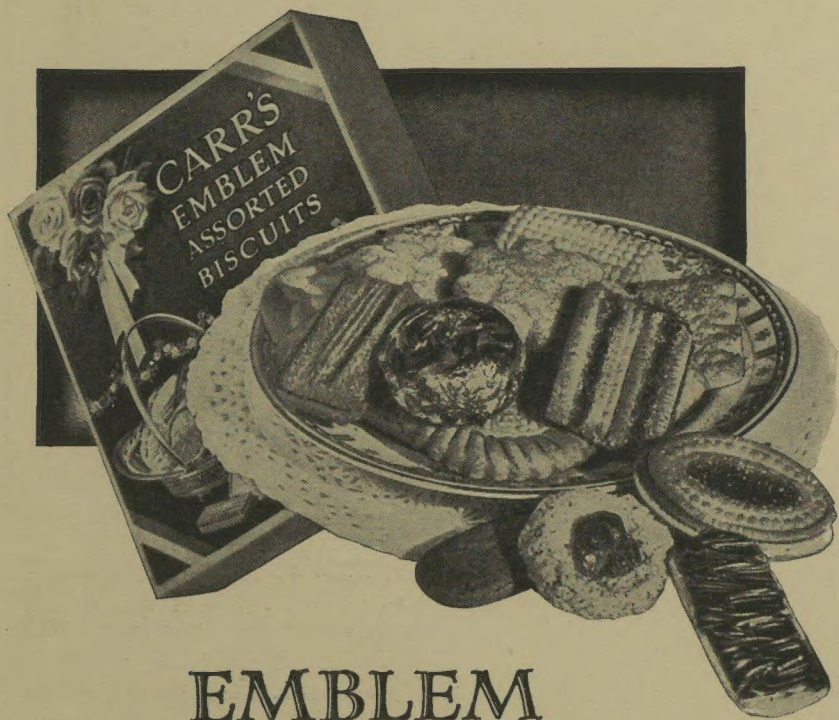
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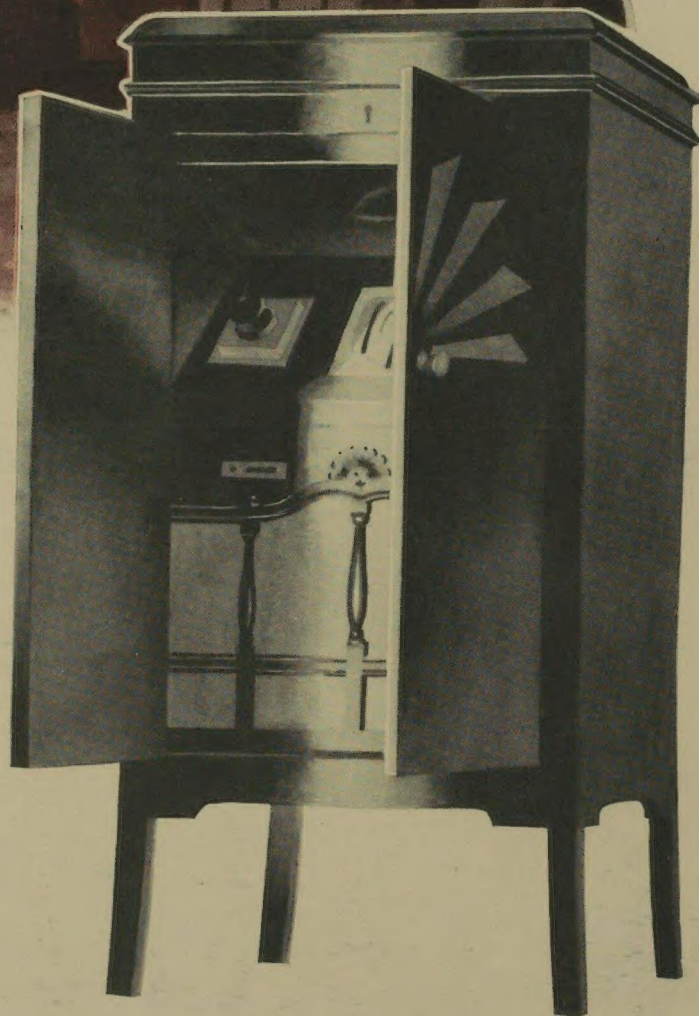
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